Newport Mercury.

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Local Matters.

Artificial Ice.

The Aquidneck Pure Ice Company is now under way and is making most beautiful ice, which they will hereafter supply to customers at the factory in large or small quantities at the rate of six dollars a ton. This is about one-half that has been charged during the summer by the Arctic Company.

The company's machinery has a capacity of about twelve and one-half tons a day and during the winter they propose to put in machinery which shall thribble this quantity. The process of making the ice is very simple, and yet very effective. The water is put into iron moulds which hold about two hundred and eighty pounds each, these are put into a large tank and around this is constantly circulated a brine of salt water in which is mixed in proper quantities for freezing purposes, spirits of ammonia. This mixing and condensing process is all done by machinery adapted to the purpose and it is quite a curiosity to go through the establishment and see the various kinds of machinery required. The motive power that does all the work is a one hundred and fifty horse power boiler. No engine is required. The company owns the entire Aquidneck Mill property and the large space will all be used in the business. A large store house is being built in which the ice made this winter and not used will be stored for next summer's supply. The upper story will be fitted up for cold storage rooms which will be of great convenience to our dealers. Superintendent Harrington is confident that they can make an article superior in all respects to the natural product and one which the public will be pleased with.

Dr. Van Rumbeke is now here superintending the setting up of a $5,000 distilling machine invented by Jobbins & Van Rumbeke of Illinois, and when completed distilled water will be used for freezing purposes, which will make the ice perfectly pure. It is as pure now as the city water can make it.

Important Changes.

The Double Summer Service of the Fall River Line will be discontinued after this week; the Puritan and Pilgrim will remain in commission. Commencing September 28th Pullman Vestibule trains connecting with steamers at Fall River in eighty minutes will leave Park Square Station at 6 P. M. week days, 7 P. M. Sundays. Correspondingly fast trains connect with steamers from all other points on the Old Colony System. A general reduction of fares via this route will go into effect on the 1st of October. The steamers of this line touch at Newport; R. I., in each direction between Fall River and New York throughout the year.

A Runaway.

A team belonging to Col. Howard Smith, was run into yesterday, Friday, afternoon while standing in front of the Gas building. The horse became frightened and ran, the boy in charge being unable to control him. He ran up Thames and Touro streets at a rapid rate. The boy was thrown out and somewhat bruised, but was not seriously injured. The carriage was badly demolished and the horse seriously cut in several places.

The Prohibitionists held a caucus at the State House Thursday evening to nominate delegates to the Prohibitory convention to be held at Providence next Wednesday, to nominate a Representative to Congress. The delegates chosen were Messrs. W. B. Franklin, A. W. Luther, H. D. Scott, J. S. Kimber, John Vars, Joshua Brown, J. G. Johnson, E. O. Riggs, S. S. Albro, F. L. Almy, George C. Barker, W. S. Brownell.

Messrs. George A. Pritchard and Augustus French have proposed to the Young Men's Christian Association to give the sacred cantata of Joseph for that organization's benefit this winter. The subject is under consideration by the Association and it is hoped by the public that they will accept the proposition.

Mr. Joseph C. Coggeshall is making changes about his market in the way of moving his office from the back of the store to the front. The change, it is believed, will greatly improve the appearance of his market.

Mr. Elijah Anthony, wife and daughter of Jamestown, and Miss Rachel Anthony of Middletown have been to the White Mountains this week with one of the Raymond excursion parties.

Beginning Monday the car to the Beach will be discontinued on the Broadway line. The Beach car will run as usual from the Post Office to the Beach every half-hour.

We publish today the second instalment of the continued story, "His Fleeting Ideal." It grows in interest with each chapter.

Chief Engineer Cozzens has returned from his trip to New York, where he was entertained by Chief Bonner of the New York fire department.

WEDDING BELLS.

Hammond-Burke.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Joseph's church Tuesday morning the high contracting parties being Councilman John P. Hammond and Miss Mary A. Burke. The wedding was intended to be a quiet one, but there was a large number assembled to witness the ceremony, notwithstanding. The bride was accompanied by her sister, Miss Nellie Burke, and Mr. Matthew Schoentzeler performed the duties of best man. Rev. Father Downing officiated. After the ceremony a short reception at the residence of the bride's mother on Gould street was held and a large number of very handsome wedding presents shown. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond left by the Eolus at 1.30 for a wedding trip to New York.

McLennan-Morrison.

Tuesday evening there was a very pretty home wedding at No. 9 Lincoln street, at which time Mr. John McLennan, of the firm of McLennan Brothers, was united in marriage to Miss Isabel Morrison, sister of Mr. C. E. Morrison of the Boston Store. Rev. J. M. Craig, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony. There were no bridesmaids. The wedding was followed by a reception, after which the newly-married couple left for New York where they will spend a week. On their return they will take up their residence at No. 9 Lincoln street. Mr. and Mrs. McLennan were the recipients of numerous useful and beautiful presents.

McGowan-Donovan.

Wednesday morning St. Joseph's church was again the scene of a nuptial ceremony, this time Father Downing being called upon to unite in matrimony Mr. Daniel J. McGowan and Miss Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Donovan. The bride was very handsomely dressed in white silk with a veil and carried a bouquet of white rosebuds. She was attended by her sister, who wore pink silk, and Mr. William Costello acted as best man. Mr. Joseph Donovan, brother of the bride, and Mr. J. E. Sullivan performed the duties of ushers. A wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents on Warner street followed the reception and at 3 o'clock the happy couple left for a short wedding trip.

Blues-Jackson.

Mr. David Blues, a salesman in the Boston Store, was married Thursday evening to Miss Kate Jackson, daughter of Mr. Briskham Jackson, at the bride's residence, Equality Park Place. There was a large number of friends present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. J. M. Craig. The bride's costume was of pearl gray, and she was attended by Miss Mary Barlas, who wore gray of a darker shade. The presents, which were handsome and numerous, included a silver tea service from Mr. Blues' employers and fellow-workmen. The happy couple left, amid showers of rice, for New York via the Old Colony boat. After a few days in New York, they will proceed to "bonnie Scotland," Mr. Blues' home, for a month's visit.

Goddard-Chesney.

A very quiet wedding took place at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Thayer on Church street Thursday evening, when Mr. Stephen T. Goddard and Miss Lizzie Chesney were joined in the bonds of matrimony by Dr. Thayer. After a short wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Goddard will return and take up their residence on Clinton avenue.

Bronson-West.

Miss Annie G. West, of this city, and Mr. F. M. Bronson, formerly Latin master in the Rogers High School in this city, but at present engaged at Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., were married in Fall River Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Bronson will reside at Ithaca.

Mr. Augustus N. Greene, who resided on Gidley street, was found by the police on Saturday morning on Reynolds wharf in an unconscious condition. He was taken to the hospital, where he died Sunday afternoon. Mr. Greene was a carpenter by trade and had had several falls in his lifetime which had greatly enfeebled his health.

Mr. A. L. Cummings of this city took the first prize in the three mile Eagle race of the bicycle racers in Pawtucket last Saturday. The prize is a very pretty gold medal and was won by Mr. Cummings in 10 minutes and 11 seconds.

Beginning on Sunday, Sept. 28th, the hour of afternoon service at the Berkeley Chapel in Middletown will be an hour earlier than during the summer. Sunday School will be held at 2.30 and evening prayer at 3.30.

The E. R. G. nine of this city play the Nationals of Allenton at Morton Park this afternoon at 2 o'clock for $50 a side. The E. R. G's will present their strongest team and a good game may be expected.

Mr. Charles Bates has been in town during the past week superintending repairs to his Coddington Point residence, which, he says, will be occupied next season.

Mr. Gibson's Resignation.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city held Monday evening, Mr. John Gibson, general secretary of that association for the past two years, tendered his resignation of that office, to take effect November 1st. His resignation was accepted with feelings of regret by all, although we cannot but feel that the good and efficient work done by Mr. Gibson here will insure him success in the larger field of labor to which he has accepted a call. The association at Burlington, Vt., the duties of whose general secretaryship Mr. Gibson will assume on leaving Newport, has a membership of over 500 and occupies a large building costing $100,000. The structure has all the latest Young Men's Christian Association equipments, including an elaborately furnished gymnasium. It is the largest association north of Boston and is the centre of the work, not only of Vermont, but of Maine and New Hampshire as well. Mr. Gibson's many friends in Newport, while deeply regretting his departure, will wish him every success in his new labors, and feel sure that the association at Burlington will find in him an intelligent, earnest and faithful worker.

The Jamestown and Newport Ferry company has purchased of William P. Sheffield Jr., the wharf property adjoining its present landing at Ferry wharf in this city. This property includes the slip where the Torpedo station and Fort launches now land, and the land occupied by two old buildings on the dock. As soon as government has found some other place for its landing floats, possession will be taken by the company, the old buildings torn down, a new slip built and various other improvements made for the accommodation of the public. A space is to be set apart for carriages and a dry walk made for foot passengers. This latter arrangement will be greatly appreciated by those who have hitherto been obliged to wade through mud and in close contact with wheel grease on either side.

Mr. James S. Cowles, gardener to Prof. Fairman Rogers, of this city, has received from the Massachusetts Horticultural Society a piece of silver plate for nymphæa and other aquatic plants exhibited by him at its annual exhibition in August, and Mr. Robert McLeod, gardener to Mr. Daniel B. Fearing, who sent specimens of orchard house peaches to that society's grand show in Horticultural Hall, Boston, this month, has received the society's silver medal for best specimens exhibited.

The manufacture of artificial ice which was begun in Newport last week has disclosed the fact that the water furnished by the Jamestown Water Works is much clearer than that furnished by Newport. The cakes of ice manufactured from the Jamestown water are pure white, while those of Newport water have a sort of yellowish tinge.

The Old Colony shops in this city are working night and day, running two gangs of men. The principal work now is in getting the two freight boats, the City of Fall River and the City of Fitchburg, ready for service. They are both being extensively overhauled. It is expected to have them ready to go on the line next week.

The new steamer Plymouth will make her first trial trip on Wednesday next from New York. She will not be brought here for some weeks yet. Work is being pushed upon her as rapidly as possible and it is intended to put her on the line for a short time at least, as soon as she is ready for service.

Mrs. George A. Osgood, of New York, who has occupied one of the Pinard cottages here for several seasons, is reported as critically ill in Paris, and it is feared by her friends that she cannot recover.

The Town and Country Club met at the residence of the Misses Mason on Rhode Island avenue Thursday afternoon, when Mrs. Florence Howe Hall read a paper on the "Art of Conversation."

The Edison Electric Light Company is to be reorganized under the name of the Newport Electric Light Company having purchased the charter of the latter company.

We learn by despatch from Washington that the training ship New Hampshire is to be sent to New London and the Richmond ordered here to take her place.

Wednesday being the "Day of Atonement" was celebrated by the Jews of this city by services in their Synagogue and the closing of their stores.

Mrs. John P. Burdick and Miss Mary Burdick have returned from Europe and the latter has resumed her duties in the public schools.

Mr. George E. Falsneau, of New Bedford, is visiting Mr. Henry C. Stevens in this city.

The State Fair.

The state fair at Narragansett Park, Providence, opened Tuesday morning under the most favorable circumstances. Pleasant weather always has a good effect on the spirits of all engaged in an undertaking of this kind, and in that line the committee found nothing lacking. The merchants contributed a fine display of sewing machines, furniture, pianos and other musical instruments, and various other articles, too numerous to mention here occupied the second floor of the merchants' miscellaneous building.

Among the horses were several noted ones. Mr. Henry Bull, Jr., of this city sent seven Shetland ponies and an imported stallion 5 years old which is 30 inches in height and weighs but 270 pounds. The cattle pens were well filled and the flower exhibits of previous years were never so many or so varied as those of this year.

There was also an unusually large collection of fruits and vegetables, occupying more than three-fourths of the large hall in which they were placed. In this hall were also found eighty specimens of grass and four of clover.

The agricultural, domestic, fancy work and carriage departments were also well stocked. Football, foot races, Roman hippodrome races, balloon ascensions, band concerts, etc., furnished amusement for the vast multitudes who thronged the fair grounds, and the numerous waiters at numerous dinner tents, cake tents, oyster booths, fruit stands, candy kitchens, and ice cream saloons saw to it that the inner man was not neglected. All who visited the fair are warm in their praises of the committee's efforts to furnish for them comfort, entertainment and instruction.

Visiting Elks.

The Elks of Taunton and the local lodge of Elks having arranged to play a game of base ball here and having fixed Thursday as the day for the contest, the visitors arrived Thursday morning by the Old Colony road at 11.50 A. M. They were met by a committee from the local lodge consisting of Messrs. Richards, Wilcox and Bradford, and escorted to the Perry House, where all dined. At 1 o'clock a conveyance was taken to Morton Park, where the game was to be played, and where about 200 spectators were assembled to see the sport. The Newport nine were composed of Messrs. George Daniels, Bradford, Wilcox, Richards, Smith, Hoare and Nichols from the lodge, and as they have no regular nine and consequently no pitcher or catcher, they were allowed to present Messrs Sullivan and Schneider of the Pacifics. The visiting nine were Messrs. Caswell, Hall, Peck, Emery, Presbry, Gaffney, Geibe, Wheeler and Gillion. As these two nines are not rivals to fame, and the game was played solely for amusements there was none of the "kicking" which is always heard at a game between rival teams. The game, which was heartily enjoyed both by participants and spectators resulted in a score of 11 to 6 in favor of the Newports. As the Newports are not practiced ball players and as the Tauntons were unable to bat Sullivan, the score, though small, is considered a good one by all.

A return game will be played at Taunton, Monday, October 6.

The children of some of our summer residents gave a pony cart parade last Monday afternoon, which was a very unique affair. The parade met at Vinland, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Louis L. Lorillard at 3 o'clock. Four prizes had been offered for the best driving and the nobbiest pony. These were awarded to Master George Lorillard, Master Alfred Vanderbilt, Master and the Misses Iselin, and Master Goelet, by Messrs. Prescott Lawrence and Ely Goddard who acted as judges. All the participants in the parade drove in a pony cart except Master Bertie Goelet, who as marshal of the day was mounted on a graceful charger. The ponies, carts and their occupants were all decked with flowers and ribbons and presented a very pretty appearance as they proceeded on their way.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has presented to the State Fair a silver gold-lined loving cup to be given for the best Jersey bull, three years and over, with four of its progeny (females) exhibited at the Fair. The society has voted a resolution of thanks to Mr. Vanderbilt for the gift and congratulating him in his interest in this pure breed of cattle.

Work on the storm water overflow from the lower part of the main sewer near Wellington avenue, was this week begun by Street Commissioner Cotton. This will greatly relieve the pressure on the main sewer on lower Thames street by taking the water through a 24-inch pipe and discharging it into the harbor at the end of Marchant street.

Ex-Aldermen James B. Brown and Thomas B. Brown, of the firm of William Sherman & Co., have been spending their vacation at Bethlehem, N. H. Paymaster Hobbs and wife are also there.

The New Cruisers.

The North Atlantic Squadron is expected in these waters during the early part of October. The gunboat Petrel, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Brownson, has already arrived, and the others including the flagship Philadelphia, in command of Admiral Gherardi, the Enterprise commanded by Commander G. A. Converse, the Kearsarge and the Dolphin will arrive in a few days. While here a board of naval officers will be appointed to inspect the vessels and trials of speed will be made. All sorts of trials both of helms and engines will also be made, such as finding the time of making a complete circle, the diameter of the circle, the time to stop and back the engines, the time and distance before losing headway and numerous other tactical data, as well as the trials of speed over the measured mile. The crews of some of the vessels, particularly the Philadelphia, have been well drilled at the guns and they will be given a chance to show what they know about them. After these trials, the compasses will be regulated and the squadron will proceed on its cruise. This is our home squadron, and it is proposed by the Navy department to make it, as the home squadron of other navies are, the most powerful and efficient not only in point of number but as a tactical body, and a school of instruction for both officers and men. It is proposed to attach such of the new ships to this squadron as may become available during the next month. The U. S. dynamite cruiser Vesuvius will also come to Newport for her speed trials as soon as the trial of her electric plant which she is undergoing at New York is over.

The celebration of the recent Republican victory in this city, which had been postponed from time to time on account of the inclemency of the weather, took place last Friday night. There was plenty of enthusiasm, plenty of red fire, plenty of music and plenty of small boys with tin horns. In fact, nothing was lacking to make it a complete success, and consequently it was a grand success. Nearly all the citizens along the line of march, which was a long one, displayed bunting, decorations and red fire and many very elaborate decorations were observed. The line was reviewed from Mayor Coggeshall's piazza on Kay street by His Honor, the Mayor, members of the city government and other invited guests.

The remains of Thomas Crosby, 2d, who was killed by a locomotive at Johnsville, N. Y., on Saturday last, were brought here for interment Wednesday. Although no definite information as to the manner in which he came to his death has been received, the undertakers' examination revealed many bruises about the face and head which sustain the theory that he was killed by a locomotive. Mr. Crosby was about forty years of age and a blacksmith by trade. He left here a short time ago to visit his brother at Spokane Falls, Wash. He was a member of Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., having served in the navy during the war. He leaves a wife and one son, a mother, brother and sister.

A foot ball eleven has been formed in this city, to be known as the Aquidneck Foot Ball Club. Mr. Joseph Bradford has been chosen captain and Mr. L. K. Carr manager. The club has already secured their goal posts, selected their colors which will be red and white, and have obtained Mr. Titus' permission to use the lot on Broadway leased by him as their playing ground. It is hoped that a match can be arranged for next week, which will be the first of a series of good games.

The two lectures, one on "A Trip to the Land of Gold," and the other on "The Civil war," in aid of St. Joseph's parish, were delivered by Dr. Grant this week before good-sized and appreciative audiences. They were both illustrated by good views and Dr. Grant's descriptions of these were particularly interesting.

Mr. Andrew N. Nolan, for many years in the employ of Caswell, Massey & Co., and for the last two summers in charge of their Thames street store in this city, died at his home in New York on Monday last. Mr. Nolan was highly esteemed by his employers as well as by all of his acquaintances.

Next Wednesday ground will be broken for the new Pinard cottage, the plans for which were drawn by Mr. J. D. Johnston of this city. The new cottage is to be somewhat larger than those now standing and will have a more elaborate finish.

A new volume upon which to record conveyances is about to be opened at the City Hall. The record about to be abandoned has been in use more than four years and tells the story of many business failures as well as several of the largest real estate transactions.

Rev. S. O. Benton, presiding elder of the Providence District of the New England Southern Conference will preach at the different Methodist churches in this city next Sunday.

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

Presented by James C. Swan.

Loyalists of the Revolution.

Benjamin Abbott, minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was born on Long Island, New York, in 1732. His youth was spent in dissipation. Before the Revolution he became religiously inclined, and after due spiritual preparation, entered the ministry. The prevalent impression was, that few preachers of his denomination favored the popular movement, and in common with most of them, "he was suspected of Toryism." But he persisted in addressing the people, as he had opportunity, though sometimes "at the peril of his life." Once while preaching "in a private house, a mob of soldiers came rushing in with guns and fixed bayonets, one of whom approached him, and presented his gun as though he would run him through, while his associates in the adventure were standing around the door. Mr. Abbott, heedless of the interruption, finished his discourse; and his assailants, awed by his intrepidity retired without injuring him. On another occasion, a hundred armed men assembled at the place of meeting, but, instead of violence, they listened as orderly as others. Thus far, and indeed until 1780, he labored according to his own pleasure. After he placed himself under the direction of the conference, he was stationed on several circuits in the state of New York, on one in New Jersey, and one in Maryland. He died at Salem, N. J., in 1760, aged sixty-four, and in the twenty-third of his ministry.

William Allen, of Pennsylvania. He was a Whig and accepted the commission of lieutenant colonel in the continental service under St. Clair. But in 1770 he abandoned the cause of his country, and joined General Howe, with his brothers. In the Continental congress, when he asked to resign his commission—"Resolved that leave be granted." In 1778 he raised a corps called the Pennsylvania Loyalists, and, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, was the commanding officer. From the influence of his family, and from his own personal standing, he expected to make rapid enlistments, but was disappointed. At the siege of Pensacola, one of this corps attempted to desert, was seized, whipped to the extent of five hundred lashes, drummed out of camp, with his hands tied behind him, with a large label pinned to his breast stating his crime, escorted close to the enemy's line, and left to his fate. The day following a shell was thrown into the door of the magazine, as the men were receiving powder, and forty-five of this regiment were killed, and a number wounded. In 1782, and near the close of the contest, though still in the service, the Pennsylvania Loyalists were of but little consequence in point of numbers. Col. Allen was noted for wit, good humor, and for affable and gentlemanly manners. In 1783 he was a grantee of St. John, New Brunswick.

Jolley Allen of Boston. In an account of his sufferings and losses, he relates that, "sometime, I think, in the month of October, 1772, I bought two chests of tea of Governor Hutchinson's two sons, Thomas and Elisha, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon." This purchase was the prime cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. He sold goods "cheap for cash;" he boarded many of the British officers; and he kept horses and chaise to let." In a word, Jolley was a shrewd, dashing, thriving man. A Loyalist, body and soul, he left Boston with the Royal Army, at the evacuation in March 1776. The man who engaged to carry his family and property to Halifax, was a knave, and unskilful in the management of a vessel. Soon parting with the fleet, they arrived, not in Nova Scotia, but at Cape Cod; where his goods were seized and confiscated, and where all on board were imprisoned. His brother Lewis petitioned for leave to take his seven children, and the assembly of Massachusetts in granting the request, stipulated that Lewis should receive £36.8s. from Jolley's effects; that he should give bonds to support the children, and should maintain Jolley himself; while a committee were to take possession of all the property, to deliver to Lewis "the children's four feather beds and bedding, and the wearing apparel of the children and of the late wife of Jolley, and his own clothing. In September, 1776, our unhappy Loyalist was allowed to make sale of a part of his goods at Cape Cod, in order to pay the debts contracted there by himself and family; while the selectmen of Provincetown were directed to deliver the remainder to a committee of the court, to be disposed of on public account. In 1779, he was in London, and one of the Loyalists who addressed the king. He died in England in 1782. Sir William Pepperell and George Erving were his executors; and he directed that, after the troubles were over, his remains should be removed to the family vault under King's chapel, Boston.

Henry Barnes, merchant of Marlborough, Massachusetts. He was a magistrate and a man of some note. The records of the town, however, show hardly more than that he distilled a liquor from cider, which he exported, and which he petitioned the selectmen for leave to sell there at retail.

Towards the close of February, 1775, General Gage ordered Captain Brown and Ensign D. Berniere, to go through the counties of Suffolk and Worcester, and to sketch the roads as they went, for his information, "as he expected to have occasion to march troops through that country the ensuing spring." The two officers set out from Boston, disguised like countrymen, in brown clothes and reddish handkerchiefs round their necks. Recommended to Mr. Barnes "as a friend to government," they found his house in a snow-storm, discovered themselves, and were told by him, that they need not be at "the pains of telling him, he knew their situation." That "the town was very violent," that "they could be safe nowhere but in his house," and that "they had been expected the night before, &c., &c." The people were suspicious, and began to assemble in all parts of the village. Messages were sent to Barnes, and other circumstances occurred, which, after the lapse of twenty minutes, compelled him to declare to his guests that they would be attacked, and that he could not protect them. He accordingly took them out of his house by the stables, and directed them to a by-road. They made their escape to the tavern of Jones, the Tory landlord of Weston; "it snowed and blew," relates one of them as much as I ever see it in my life."

In 1775, Mr. Barnes was proscribed and banished. He died in London in 1808, at the age of eighty-four.

General Wadsworth issued a proclamation denouncing death upon any one convicted of aiding or secreting the enemy. Subsequent to the proclamation, a man by the name of Jeremiah Baum, residing back of Damariscotta, was taken up, charged with piloting a party of the British through the back country for the purpose of pillaging. He was tried on the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of August, 1780, by a court-martial at Wadsworth's headquarters, condemned and sentenced to be hung. Many efforts were made to procure his pardon, but without avail.

On the day after the sentence, a gallows was erected on Limestone Hill, and the miserable man was conducted to it in a cart, fainting at the sight, and rendered insensible from fear. Mr. Coombs, who was standing near, was asked to lend his handkerchief to tie over the prisoner's eyes. Supposing it to be a farce, he complied, and the prisoner, to appearance, already dead, was swung off, to the astonishment of the spectators.

The General was greatly moved, and was observed walking his room in apparent agitation the most of the following day. Many friends of the Revolution regretted that such an example of severity, however necessary, should fall on such a victim.

(To be continued.)

CITY BRIEFS.

Jottings of Newport and Newporters.

Rev. T. P. Grace has been in town this week.

Gen. James B. Frye has left Newport for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Rives have returned from Europe.

Mr. Harry Wilks has returned from a weeks' visit to New York state.

Rev. Father Simmons, of Providence, has been in town this week.

Mr. David Easterbrooks is visiting friends in Binghampton, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt have returned from Bar Harbor.

Mr. J. J. Van Alen is enjoying a short trip through the White Mountains.

Miss Katherine P. Wormeley is spending the autumn at Jackson, N. H.

The Nonpariel club will give their annual ball on Friday evening, November 7.

Mr. Horatio G. Wood has been enjoying himself among the Catskills this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Peckham were among the visitors at the State Fair Thursday.

Mr. Clarence A. Hammett has been in the White Mountains for the past two weeks.

Rev. G. W. Hunt of the Thames street M. E. church, has returned from his vacation.

Prince Galetzine, who has been spending the summer at Newport, has gone to Lenox.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Cross have been the guests of Hon. Clark H. Burdick this week.

Mrs. Wm. J. Peckham and daughters have returned from a five weeks' visit to relatives.

Rev. F. F. Emerson, of the United Congregational church in this city, is enjoying a vacation.

Miss Mary H. Underwood of this city has returned from a two weeks' visit to Providence.

Mr. George H. Sherman, of this city, has resumed his studies at the Boston Pharmaceutical College.

Letter Carrier Simmons is taking a vacation, the consequence of a painful wound inflicted by a fish hook.

A Swedish Lutheran service was held last Tuesday evening in the parlors of the Channing Memorial church.

Rhode Island Lodge, I. O. of O. F., of this city paid a fraternal visit to Harmony Lodge of East Greenwich, Thursday evening.

Professor Devoll will reopen his classes for dancing lessons on Friday, October 17 at Masonic Hall, which he has leased for the season.

The fair committee of St. John's Lodge, A. F. and A. M., held a meeting Thursday evening relative to holding a fair this winter.

Hereafter the Sunday evening service at the Shiloh Baptist church will be held at 7.30 instead of at 8 o'clock as during the summer months.

Commander F. J. Higginson, formerly in command of the Naval Training Station, has been ordered to examination for promotion to rank of captain.

The iron spindle, painted black and surmounted by a barrel, marking the shoal off the south end of Rose Island, Narragansett Bay has been replaced.

Mrs. Norman S. Eayres and family, who have been visiting Mrs. Eayres' father, Mayor Coggeshall of this city, returned to their homes in the West this week.

Poetry.

Nobility.

BY C. K. SHETTERLY.

True worth is in being—not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and-bye.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our lives as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses;
Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets;
And sometimes the things our lives misses
Help us more than the things which we get.
For good lieth not in the asking
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble;
Whatever his fortune or birth.
—[In Detroit Free Press.

Before the Gate.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

They gave the wheel'ng day to idle laughter,
To lifeful song and jest.
To moods of solemn mien as idle after,
And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn late and hath,
Through the broad meadows in the sunset burning
They reached the gate, one sweet spell hindered them both.

Her heart was trembled with a subtle anguish,
Such as but women know,
That wait, and fear love speak or speak not languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so!

And he said, manlike nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women win with them selves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while:

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path halted
"One steps as far as death;
"And I might open it—" His voice affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she, whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's truest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Shyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
"I shall we not be too late
"For tea" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking;
"Yes thanks, your arm. And will you—open the gate?"

As You Go Through Life.

BY EDWARD W. WILCOX.

Don't look for the ill was as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
An I look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean,
Don't set your face against the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember it lived before you.
Don't hurl at the storm with your puny force—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter,
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the inflexible,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man, shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—[Ladies' Home Journal.

Selected Tale.

HELEN'S ANTINOUS.

It was a gray day along the coast. The fog had lifted sufficiently to show a stretch of curving beach, covered with hieroglyphic tracery of sea weed and slimy kelp, and beyond it a gray ocean surging in restless swells and beating against the hard sand line in fretting impatience. To the left, Cypress Point stretched away; a long, dark promontory, crowned with storm-beaten, wind tossed cypress trees, whose dark greens in the vague distance merged into purples. The sea wind blew salty and strong, and Helen Acton anchored her easel more firmly in the yielding sand by the aid of iron spikes. Helen Acton was an artist—at least, for the time being, and, of course, with amateur instinct, no sooner had she drifted to Monterey than she selected one of the finest, as well as the most difficult, bits of rock bound coast for her first field of operation. Helen courted solitude. Inspiration came from solitude and biting the ends of paint brushes, she devoutly believed; so, when the last of her companions had disappeared over the rocks toward Moss Beach, she settled herself for a morning alone.

It was a weird place, surrounded by white sand-dunes, whose only covering was a stunted growth of grayish-green sage, interspersed with occasional bushes of yellow and white lupine, and here and there, down in the hollows, sand-verbenas of pink and deep gold, twisting their sinuous arms in and out of the sandy soil; but Helen liked the lonesomeness, with the sighing of the winds, the moaning of the sea and the echo of the pines. She liked to choose her nature to suit her mood. She believed in preserving the laws of harmony, and chose her painting, the place and her mood as carefully as she selected ribbons for her costumes. She had taken to painting because it was the fashion, though she would have scorned such a charge. She prided herself on being unconventional, but somehow her unconventionality always took a popular turn.

Her nature was complex and many-hued. She assimilated the dominant characteristics of whomever and whatever she came into contact with. A readiness to receive united with a natural quickness of comprehension, an appreciative look, a responsive smile, had combined to earn for her a cheap reputation for learning. She dipped into science, art and literature, and recovered herself with the supple ease of a practised intellectual gymnast; and when the cooking mania seized the fashionable world, she gained no small repute through a neatly turned pudding. For the rest, Helen Acton was a conscientious young women of twenty-three, well educated as the world goes, intensely well-bred and possessed with supreme confidence in her own abilities. She severely disapproved of the philosophy of hiding her light under a bushel—rather advocated the rising of the highest electric towers, whereby the glimmer of the slightest spark should not be lost to the multitude.

She was good-looking with the usual American freshness of complexion. Her head was unusually well shaped, and finely poised above graceful shoulders. Her hair undulated in waves of shining bronze, and her coiffure was always arranged with a Clytie inclination. A certain young man in a literary club once told her that her profile was like Clythie's; ever afterward she builded on that resemblance, and the effect was classical as well as becoming. Modern fashion decreed a renaissance of classic habiliments, so she could well conciliate both centuries. Her profile was charming—a thing rare in nineteenth century women—and her face was lighted up by a pair of baffling gray eyes, which were both bright and restless, changing in tone so often that it puzzled one to discover whether there was any depth in them, or whether they but represented the shifting moods of her nature.

She sat listlessly testing the point of her new sable brushes for awhile. Not a soul was in sight. Then she fell to painting spasmodically until the canvas was covered. At last she tired of her attempt, and spreading her warm, scarlet shawl on the sand, drew out a volume of Rosetti's poems from her lunch basket and lay down comfortably to read. Rossetti and the sea harmonized, too.

As she lay there, half-dreaming and half-reading, she saw two figures on the beach, and, as she languidly raised her head, she saw them wade 'nown into the water. The tide was on the ebb and she noticed that they carried long rakes. One of the figures was picturesquely clad in a loose-fitting, dark-blue jersey, with a bright red handkerchief knotted at his throat, and a pair of old brown overalls rolled up to his knees. Even from her distance she could see that he was young and possessed a sturdy, well-knit figure. Her interest began to be aroused. She mentally voted Rossetti a bore, and strolled down to the edge of the beach with apparent carelessness. She stood there for some time, unnoticed by the men, who were standing waist-deep in the water, raking in piles of kelp, which were interlaced with choice sea-moss from off the rocks.

The young fellow simply turned his head, and looked at her once as she stood there. His companion said some thing in Spanish and nodded in her direction, but he never looked up, going on with his work.

"He looks like an Antinous," Helen mused to herself. An inspiration flashed into her mind. "Here's a mission, civilizing an Antinous."

She had tried her hand at missionary work, and had once taught in a charity kindergarten, after talking one evening with a handsome young minister; and she had succeeded, by dint of liberal donations, in dressing some of the prettiest youngsters, with the earliest locks, in Greenaway gowns, and there her interest ceased. She spent one morning in hanging their hair, and felt that she had done her duty in elevating their tastes.

Every woman is a reformer at heart in her little way. Whether from conviction of duty or from frivolous impulse the sex is wedded to regenerating; therefore, Helen having settled in her mind that this was a Heathen Antinous, immediately concluded that it was her mission to convert him. She would be a patron Hadrian to this moss-gatherer.

After some time he waded to the shore, with an old willow basket filled with the sea mosses strapped on his shoulders. Helen stepped forward and said:

"Will you please let me examine your moss?"

"Certainly, madam."

He took off his battered straw hat politely and set the dripping basket down on the sand, while the companion lighted a pipe and walked on toward the hills. Helen bent over the moss with apparent interest, although an hour ago she had dubbed it "slimy stuff," and refused to proceed with the party in search of it. The young fellow selected some of the finest specimens and asked her to accept them.

"Oh, no," she answered. "You have too much trouble to collect it. I cannot take them, but if you will permit me to buy some——"

He drew himself up proudly: "No, madam, I never allow my gifts to be bought."

Helen blushed. She was not given to confusion, for she prided herself upon her Vere de Vere repose on all occasions, and to be put to confusion by a heathen was unprecedented.

The young fellow lingered while she adroitly plied him with questions about his pursuits, and she ingeniously extracted a great deal of information from him in one way or another. She found out that he lived in a hut back in the hills, and, together with an old fisherman, followed moss-gathering when the fishing was not good.

"In the winter," he said, his dark eyes flashing, while the color rose in his bronze cheeks, "we go after whales. That is grand. That is life. Now it is only play; a time for siestas and cigaritos."

"Are you Spanish?" Helen asked.

"No," he smiled. "My mother was, but my father was an American. They are both dead," He added, after a pause: "I am quite alone in the world, and I have lived with Spanish people ever since I was a child."

He spoke with the liquid Spanish accent, and Helen became very much interested in the heathen; but he lifted his basket to his shoulders again, and saying, "Adios," walked after his companion, with a firm, swinging gait.

"Hello, Helen," a small boy shouted, "who's your friend?"

She looked around, and saw her party near at hand, with the small boy planted almost directly in front of her, asking the question.

"I don't know,"—she shrugged her shoulders; "one of the natives, I suppose. He was showing me some sea-moss. Aunt Carrie"—she turned to an elderly lady—"I have found a place where you can get some lovely mosses. You said you wished to take a collection East with you. I have found a moss-gatherer with the manners of a Chesterfield. Imagine him taking off his hat! He combines whale catching with his other accomplishments. I shouldn't wonder if he read Greek, also," she said, with slight sarcasm. "Our last coachman dabbled in chemistry. California seems to be a fine field for raw material."

Tom replied: "Spanish fellers are the perlitest fellers I ever saw."

Helen strapped up her folder, packed her easel and other belongings, called the carriage and they drove rapidly toward town. As they passed a hollow about a mile inland, she observed a curl of blue smoke circling in the air, and, as they rounded the curve, a small hut came into sight with the young moss-gatherer standing before it, bending over a fire, which he was trying to light on the ground. As he heard the rumble of wheels and recognized the occupant of the front seat he raised his hat.

"My! he's awful good looking," Tom whistled. "He don't look any older than you do, sis; wonder if he is jolly. I'll hunt him up; maybe he'll let me go whale-fishing with him sometime, and fire the bomb."

That night as Helen unloosened her bronze locks from their Clytie knot she looked over her small traveling library, and fixed on the mental pabulum she would offer her heathen.

"He is a splendid piece of matter," she mused, and she complacently added: "I will help him to a mind."

As she unloosed the unwieldy buttons of her boots she took up a small copy of "Sartor Resartus." "They do say that common people appreciate Carlyle," she said, half aloud, "but I am afraid that it is too strong diet for my heathen to begin on."

Helen herself only carried the book for the benefit of her learned friends. "Then there is Tennyson, Rossetti," she counted on her fingers as she left her shoe half-unfastened. "O, I have it! There is Ebers's 'Emperor,' with my Seaside; just the thing for an Antinous; and my small classical dictionary, because," she reflected honestly as she pulled the sand from her boot. "I don't quite understand all the allusions myself. He is an Antinous, and I will wake him up with the 'Emperor,' and he shall come to me to explain, and, and—her thoughts ran on until she nestled in her bed and fell fast asleep over her theories of reform and awakening.

Once she had taken lessons on the violin, when the musical craze was strong in fashionable circles. She snapped the strings until the master remonstrated, but vowed that she would play on until every string was mute. She did, and then cast away the instrument as a worthless toy, abjured music, and took to art. Now she would fain play upon a human instrument. The violin after its torture, was mute; but heart strings break harder, and when they snap there lives a plaint which time nor eternity can silence.

"Helen, Helen," clamored Tom at her door the first thing in the morning; "get up; you know you promised to take me to the whale-fellow's to-day."

Helen turned at the sound and drowsily murmured an assent.

"Helen, Helen," he shouted. "It's 8 o'clock, and he may be gone. Aunt Carrie says we may go after the moss. She's got a tearing sick headache, and maybe he'll show me a harpoon."

The din on the door grew louder. Tom's voice was lusty, his fists lustier, and his boots rose to the superlative.

Helen was fully aroused. "Yes, Tom," she began in an impatient tone. Then her eyes fell upon the volume of the "Emperor" lying on the floor beside her boots, and she rose with alacrity.

"That's a good boy, run away," she called in persuasive tones. "Tell the man to bring the horses around to the door and we will ride out."

"Hurrah!" Tom yelled; then anxiously asked, "You'll see about the harpoon?"

"Yes, yes," Helen answered, and proceeded to do up her hair.

The morning was bright and sunny, a striking contrast to the fogginess of the day before. It was a morning when the sea was of an intense blue, and the Santa Cruz hills, through the clearness of the atmosphere, lost their everlasting violet tinge and stood forth in distinct outlines on the other side of the bay. The May greens gleamed fresh and crisp, and May-flowers dotted the woods and hills with dashes of brilliant coloring. Helen's Rossetti mood had passed with the fog. As she rode through the pine woods, inhaling their spicy odors and switching their budding tassels off the trees with her riding whip, she felt as buoyant as the morning, and wondered "if the heathen cared for nature."

Her meditations were broken by Tom, who asked abruptly, "Do you think they have whales as late as May? Glad I took lessons at the gymnasium last winter—believe I've got muscle for a harpoon," he said proudly, stretching out his arm and testing its strength.

Soon the curling blue smoke came into sight.

"Wonder what they eat?" Tom asked curiously.

"Most likely whale steak," Helen replied sarcastically.

With the credulity of youth Tom's face brightened.

"My!" he ejaculated. "Hope they'll give a fellow a taste. I always liked the looks of blubber. Those Chinamen gave me some dried abalone yesterday, but it was tough chewing, I tell you," and the youngster nearly lost his balance in gesturing his disapproval of the dainty.

He gave a small warwhoop as he felt his saddle turning, and at the sound, "the heaten" started from his camp and ran down the path toward them.

"Good morning, Miss; can I help you?" he asked politely.

"Yes," Tom interposed, springing off his small mustang. "These girths need tightening."

"Now's the time for your muscle," Helen laughed; but the heathen stepped forward and the saddle was fixed before Tom could interfere.

Tom was a boy of twelve, not at all diffident, and of the usual American inquiring turn of mind. The family encouraged him, and talked of Herbert Spencer, but Helen devoted herself to snubbing him. A wide-awake, freckled-faced boy of twelve is never an artistic adjunct. She tried to persuade him to let his hair grow to the Prince Charley length, and once, when he was younger put him into velvet knickerbockers and lace ruffles, but he came home with dishevelled clothing, blubbering that a fellow had called him names. Squaring himself in a pugilistic attitude, he said: "I hit him square in the eye." Thereupon, Helen gave up her civilizing endeavors, and thenceforth tolerated him as an unfortunate necessity.

"We were just coming to your camp," Helen said. "I wish to see your moss. May I ask what your name is?"

"Jack Howard," he answered; "I believe once upon a time it was John, but it is always Jack, now."

Helen dismounted, followed by Tom, whose sharp eyes were looking around for harpoons.

"Our hut is such a miserable place that I will not ask you in. We have the moss spread out here on boards," he said.

"It is very pretty," Helen remarked, absently, while she stirred little heaps of it with her riding whip.

"I say, where's your harpoons?" Tom exploded. He could wait no longer.

Howard smiled. "All of our things are at the whaling station in town; I will show them to you if I come in to-morrow."

Helen kept on stirring up the moss, conscious all the while that a pair of dark eyes were looking at her very admiringly.

"Do you like this life?" she asked.

"I'm going down to the beach," Tom shouted. "I want some jelly fish. Whistle when you want me, sis."

Howard hesitated. "Yes, I like it. My mother wished me to be a priest, so I went to the priest's school in town and lived with him until I was quite a large lad. I didn't like the life; I was too impatient to pore over books. To be a priest one must drone about town and hear all the old women tell how many broods of chickens each hen has hatched, how Juan is getting on with his letters, and how well Dolores knits. It is tiresome," he shrugged his shoulders; "it is always little things and bending over stupid books indoors. Here," he waved his hand to the sea, "it is all big and free. No old women, no chickens and no books to muddle your head."

Helen could not help admiring him as she looked up at his tall figure. She felt that here was an incarnation of pure nature; a man free from the artificialities of the world, whose only study was the sea and winds. It was only an impulse of the moment, and of her peculiarly receptive mind that made her admire this type, for, without the trappings of society, nature was a very insignificant thing to her.

"You don't live alone?" she half questioned.

"For the greater part of the time, yes. Now I have an old Spaniard with me, who was a friend of mine when I was a boy. He is old and cannot work much, so I keep him here with me. After I left my books, I came here, built this hut, and have lived in this wilderness for a year or more. It suits me," he said shortly.

Helen felt a little subdued. "Don't you care for books?" she asked.

"No," he answered with scorn. "Books are tiresome. The sea and the woods tell me more than books. Juan Gomez was the best scholar in school, yet one winter when a storm came and a vessel was wrecked off Point Pinos he shivered indoors, and left the rest of us to man the boats and go out on the sea."

"I thought perhaps you might like something to read, and brought you a book," Helen timidly held out the "Emperor."

"Thank you," he smiled; "you are very kind. I am not used to ladies, and must seem rough to you, but I will be very glad to read your little book. Most of the books I have read belonged to the priest and were about saints. It makes a fellow mad to read of them taking everything and never showing any fight."

She handed him the dictionary, explaining its use. The color rose to his face.

"Thank you," he said quickly. "I see that you know my ignorance. I don't care for your books." He threw them violently to the ground, turned on his heel, and walked away. Helen was amazed. She looked after him in astonishment, then stooped to pick up the spurned volumes. This position of humility was new to her. She was fond of the role of patroness and to be treated like this by a heathen was mortifying in the extreme. She sat down on the sand and stared at the books helplessly. She could have cried. Tears of vexation came to her eyes, but she reflected: "The savage might look back." She looked up, and standing immediately in front of her stood a very humble savage regarding her earnestly.

"Pardon me," he said, as he took up the discarded books and blew the sand from their covers. "I was hasty and have offended you. My Spanish blood leads me into fits of temper sometimes," he said, and extended his hand cordially.

It was a brown, toil-stained hand that he offered her. Helen would have much preferred that he should kneel in the sand in an attitude of contrition, and that she should have been the one to proffer the forgiving hand; but he looked fearlessly into her eyes and kept his hand outstretched while she hesitated. Then she merely gave him the tips of her gloved fingers. She was not prepared to meet a savage on terms of equality.

"May I keep the book?" he asked.

She put her hand on the dictionary. "No, both," he said firmly. "I am ignorant. I am wise enough to know that. I was irritated for the moment that you should know it, too, but the sea makes men's manners rough. My father was a gentleman," he added proudly. "I will read your books—I can read," he said, in a tone tinged with sarcasm, "and I will return them soon and ask for more. Where shall I call?"

"At the hotel in town," she answered. It was in the days when Monterey was still an old Spanish town, with crumbling adobes and rioting roses; when she was still dreaming, and the awakening hand of progress had not ushered her into the dawn of fashion. Bay windows had not marred her low stucco piazzas, and the town, like her people, was of nature, natural.

Helen called Tom, and, as they rode home, she did not feel so buoyant. "I will have my revenge," she thought savagely. "I'll give him 'Sartor Resartus,' and see what he will do then."

Two or three days passed by in dreamy fashion. The family sought the beach, and went through the usual seaside penance, in the way of hunting for shells and finding none. Helen pretended to sketch or read, but in reality watched for the heathen. She thought that he would repent in sack cloth and ashes, and rush to her feet the next day, but a week passed and he did not come.

Sunday morning, as the bells of San Carlos sounded upon the air for morning mass, looking out of her window, just around the curve of the street by the whaling station, she saw him striding along with his free, swinging gait. He was dressed in the same rough fishing costume, and carried a string of sea fish in one hand and a parcel neatly wrapped in brown paper in the other. Helen nodded with satisfaction, hastily changed her morning wrapper for a costume of white flannel, and fastened a bunch of creamy roses at her throat. It was an impulse to show him the contrast between nature and civilization.

A servant came to tell her that a man wished to see her in the garden. She gathered up a larger bunch of roses in her hand, and as she appeared in the adobe doorway Howard thought she looked like an angel. He rose from the bench on which he was sitting without the slightest embarrassment.

"I have brought back your books and some——"

He looked at her roses and laughed a hearty ringing laugh, such as a drawing room devotee would shudder at.

"I must confess," he laughed again, "it does seem ridiculous to offer you fish, but they are fresh; I caught them this morning."

"Thank you," Helen answered, with just the slightest tinge of iciness.

"I couldn't come before," he apologized. "The moss was coming in finely and Jose has not been well. I have come for medicine for him to-day. I thank you for the books. You were right; I could not understand all," he said quietly. "Books are not for ignorant people like me. I had better keep to the sea."

Helen was naturally kind-hearted, and her scheme of revenge and "Sartor Resartus" vanished before his open confession.

"I carry so few books in travelling that I have only my favorites with me. When I go home I will send you something you will like better," she said kindly.

Several more days passed, but Helen did not see her heathen. Monterey was waxing monotonous, and she wished to return home; but as Aunt Carrie's health improved, she was forced to stay on.

"Tom," she said one day, "suppose we go and see if the old man in the moss gatherer's hut is still sick."

Tom responded heartily to the invitation. The day was dark with lowering rain clouds, and the wind and sea moaned in unison. Helen donned her seal-skin, determined to go in spite of the weather.

When they reached the hut, which was a low structure, patched together of irregular pine logs, brush thatched, with crannies and cracks cemented with odd bits of bleached driftwood and an occasional bone of a whale, not a soul was in sight.

"Get down, Tom, and see if anybody is in," Helen said.

Tom obeyed, and Howard came to the door.

"She is outside," Tom said briefly.

In a moment Howard was at her side with an anxious expression on his face.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"No," Helen laughed. "Did you expect to find me a wreck?"

She looked prettier than ever; the wind had brought a bright color to her cheeks, and had ruffled her bronze locks in a becoming manner. Jack Howard's eyes seemed fairly to drink in her beauty as she sat firmly on her restless mustang.

"How is the old man?" she asked gently. "I thought he might be very sick."

"He is very sick. He has no fever, but he lies still in bed all day, never talks, nor even smokes. He is just drifting away, and when he is gone—I will have no one in the world. Jose will be happier at rest than I will be left alone."

Helen's voice was very gentle. "Let me be your friend. I see why you like this place now. I am getting into the mood of it myself. I believe I would like to settle on a sand dune, and open a hospital for maimed sea gulls, and I would appoint you chief surgeon." She changed to a more serious tone: "Nature is best after all. I believe I shall never be contented in the city again. How I shall miss the sea and—everything," she added hurriedly, and blushed.

Helen had never been so gracious. She incited Howard to tell her of his favorite sports and haunts. Her eyes sparkled as he told her of bold deeds of adventure. She seemed to have caught some of his enthusiasm.

"I like this summer better than any part of my life," she said warmly. "Nature is so much better than people. The human heart is a delusive sort of thing, after all. People declare they adore you, but you do not know, and here the sea and everything are always the same. They are palpable, real."

Helen struggled in an awkward way to express a truth she instinctively felt. Nature meant to her Howard, and under the influence of the place and his presence she thought that she felt what she said.

He came nearer to her and patted the mustang on the neck. He spoke in a strained voice:

"I am a poor creature, but I——" Then he stopped suddenly. One of her hands was lying ungloved on the mustang's rough neck. He snatched it up with rude force and pressed it to his lips.

"How dare you!" she cried, and called "Tom!" but Tom was far away, throwing stones at some gulls near the shore.

She looked down at the sand, while the color slowly spread from her cheeks all over her face. She twitched at the horse's bridle as if to ride away. Her self-possession deserted her. Howard stood perfectly still before her, waiting and expecting as his due some answer which would decide the problem—a problem which, as yet, was half-formed, vague, and intangible—a problem of feeling, not substance. Each felt that a crisis had been reached. Howard's heart beat fast, his whole body seemed consumed by fire, yet, he reasoned, he must keep silent. It was only a few seconds of time, but Helen glanced through her downcast eyelashes and scanned every feature of his face, every article of his coarse clothing, every stain or scar on his brown hands. The ideal was charming, but the real: No, Helen Acton liked the roses and lilies of life too well. Hot-house perfection was far more precious to her than all the blossoms kissed by the sun and cradled by the winds.

Howard recognized, with the keenness of love instinct, the change in her before she spoke. He thought: "I have frightened her; I was too rough, too sudden; I must wait."

He spoke quietly, "Would you mind coming in to see Jose? I think it would do him good. I will stay and hold the horses."

Helen dismounted with relief and still kept her eyes on the ground, when Tom came into sight. She could have embraced the youngster.

"Come, Tom, with me to see the old sick man," she said.

"I'd a heap liefer stay, and talk about whales," Tom growled; but Helen gave him a look and he obediently followed.

The inside of the hut was rough and untidy, utterly devoid of comfort, and the old Spaniard lay upon a rude bed half-asleep. A low fire was smouldering in the open fireplace, and as she entered, the old man stirred in his bed. He opened his eyes and stretched out his arms; "Madonna mia," he cried, then fell back again in a faint.

Helen was frightened, and rushed out followed by Tom.

"Go in," she commanded Howard. "I think he is dead."

An expression of anguish contracted Howard's face. He sprang forward, but reappeared in a moment, and said, "The old man is all right. It was only a faint. I left him peacefully talking of the Madonna who he thinks has just visited him."

Helen bade him a hurried and embarrassed good-by. Howard looked at her sadly, but said nothing. Helen liked the feeling of power, but her heathen was taking things an grand serieux, and was rapidly getting beyond her. The people in her world were of light calibre; men in whom society had crushed out hearts, and who had adopted the thinnest substitutes; men who dubbed love an impression—and Helen had found that the impression rapidly faded. They never raved or looked dangerous. They philosophized, and on the whole, she liked it better. She felt more at home with them.

The summer gradually lengthened. Howard seemed rather to avoid her. He came into town frequently for comforts for old Jose, and Helen occasionally met him in the street, but he mere-

(Continued on third page.)

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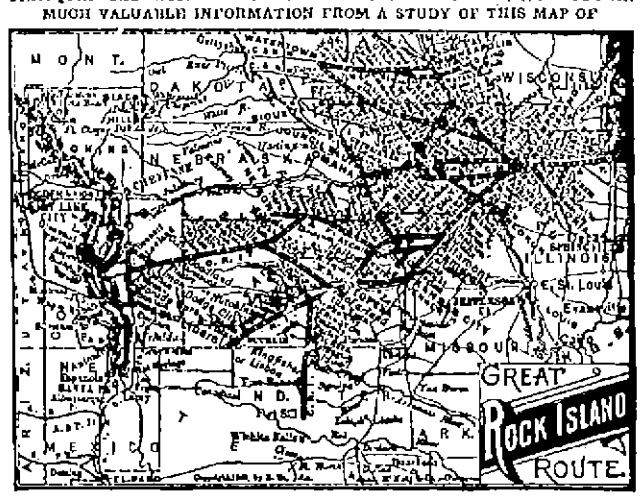
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UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Molline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses now and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Couches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager — CHICAGO, ILL. — JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

THIS WEEK!

Ladies' Oxford Ties,

—AT—

Reduced Prices,

TO CLOSE OUT, at

COTTRELL'S,

144 THAMES STREET.

MRS. DR. PEABODY
MAKES DISEASES OF THE SPINE A SPECIALTY.

—CURES—

Curvatures, Paralysis and Ossification. If you have been given over by your physician, consult her. Also cures Female Weakness, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Tumors, Consumption, Constipation and Rheumatism.

Dr. Peabody has the Gift of Seeing, and will describe and locate your disease for you without questions, curing you when all others have failed. Can be consulted every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY from 10 until 4 o'clock at

OFFICE, 419 SHAWMUT AVENUE, Boston.

N. B. Will visit patients at a distance by appointment.

SEASIDE MARKET,

292 THAMES., Near Post Office.

W. S. LAWTON, - - - Proprietor.

DEALER IN

Choice Meats, Poultry, Game,

Tongues, Lard, Hams, Bacon, Eggs, Butter, Vegetables, and everything for a First-Class Table. Families Supplied and Orders called for Daily by Responsible Men. Goods promptly delivered. Agent for J. & J. Darlington Philadelphia Butter. Connected by Telephone.

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Obtained, and all other business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to for MODERATE FEES.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.

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C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1890, my place of business will be No. 13 Market Square. Any one who has umbrellas or parasols will please call for them here.

I shall have larger premises and will buy and sell second-hand furniture and antiquities.

ROCCO BARONE, 7 Kingsley's Wharf.

BLUEFISH.

FIRST OF THE SEASON.

Newport and North River Shad,

Blackfish, Scup & Halibut.

CARRY BROTHERS,

257 & 259 Thames St.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Permanently removed by an Indian preparation, reliable reference given; consultation free. Mrs. W. W. HADLEY, 175 Tremont street, Room 46, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Post Office address, 238 Summer street, Lynn, Mass.

Honeysuckles.

Lot to close out cheap.

WILSON'S GREENHOUSES, 346 B'WAY.

Traveler's Directory.

Fall River Line FOR NEW YORK,

The South and West.

DOUBLE SUMMER SERVICE.

Steamers PUILITAN PILGRIM, PROVIDENCE and OLD COLONY in commission.

Week days leave Newport at 9 P. M. Returning leave New York from Pier 28 N. R., foot of Murray Street, as follows: 5.30 P. M., for Fall River direct, 6.15 P. M. for Newport and Fall River. The latter steamer remains at Newport until 5.45 A. M. before proceeding to Fall River.

Sundays—Steamer leaves Newport at 10 P. M.; leaves New York at 5.30 P. M., touching at Newport at 3 A. M.

A Pullman Parlor car is run between Fall River and Newport, week days, leaving steamer wharf at 8.10 A. M.

Annex Connection between Pier 28, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

A concert is given on board steamers every evening by the fine orchestra attached to each vessel.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York and Boston Despatch Express office, 175 Thames street, J. L. GREENE, Ticket Agent.

J. R. KENDRICK, Gen'l Manager, Boston.
GEO. L. CONNOR, Gen. Pass'r Agt., Boston.
J. H. JORDAN, Agent, Newport, R. I.

CONTINENTAL STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

CHANGE OF TIME.

On and after Sept. 15 leave Newport for

PROVIDENCE

Week days at 8 A. M.; leave Providence for Newport week days at 4 P. M.

*Stop at Prudence and Conanicut Park.

Excursion Tickets only 90c.

All freight must be delivered at the Wharf 30 minutes before steamer leaves to insure shipment.

A. LIVINGSTON MASON, Gen'l Manager.

Newport & Wickford Railroad and Steamboat Co.

TIME TABLE.

Between Newport, Boston, Providence and New York, beginning

MONDAY, SEPT. 1, 1890.

via Newport and Wickford R. R. and Steamboat Co. and New York, Boston and Providence R. R.

Leave Newport at 5.30 A. M., arrive at Philadelphia 6.05 P. M.; at New York 2.00 P. M.; New Haven 12.10 P. M.; New London 10.28 A. M.; Providence 8.15 A. M., and Boston 11.05 A. M.

Leave Newport at 10.20 A. M., arrive at New York 4.30 P. M.; New Haven 2.25 P. M.; New London 12.37 P. M.; Providence, 12.25 P. M.; Boston, 1.55 P. M.

Leave Newport at 1.30 P. M., arrive at New York at 7.30 P. M.; New Haven at 5.25 P. M.; New London at 3.05 P. M.; Providence 3.15 P. M., and Boston 4.30 P. M.

Leave Newport at 5.00 P. M., arrive at New York at 11.00 P. M.; New Haven 9.05 P. M.; New London 7.10 P. M.; Providence 6.50 P. M.; Boston 8.00 P. M.

*Leave Newport 11.15 P. M., arrive at New York 7.00 A. M.; New Haven 4.17 A. M.; New London 3.05 A. M.; Providence 5.35 A. M.; Boston 7.00 A. M.

Leave New London 7.20 A. M.; Providence 8.15 A. M.; arrive at Newport at 9.55 A. M.

Leave New York at 5.00 A. M.; New Haven 7.25 A. M.; New London 10.15 A. M.; Boston 10.00 A. M.; Providence 11.10 A. M.; arrive at Newport at 1.00 P. M.

Leave New York at 10.00 A. M.; New Haven 12.05 P. M.; New London 1.55 P. M.; Boston 1.00 P. M.; Providence 2.15 P. M.; arrive at Newport at 3.55 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia 10.00 A. M.; New York at 2.00 P. M.; Boston 5.00 P. M.; New Haven 3.55 P. M.; New London 5.15 P. M.; Providence 6.03 P. M.; arrive at Newport at 7.45 P. M.

*Leave New York 12.00 midnight; New Haven 2.13 A. M.; New London 3.50 A. M.; Boston 12.00 midnight; Providence 1.20 A. M. arrive at Newport 6.25 A. M.

Close Connection with Steamer to and from Block Island.

*Daily.

Drawing Room Cars to and from Wickford landing. Sleeping car daily.

Tickets sold and baggage checked at steamer Eolus, Commercial Wharf, and Transfer Co.'s office, Travers' Block, Bellevue avenue and Jamestown. (Drawing Room chairs and Sleeping Car berths) can be procured at company's office, Commercial wharf.

J. B. GARDINER, Supt., Providence.
C. U. COFFIN, Agent, Newport.

JAMESTOWN FERRY.

Beginning Monday, June 16, 1890, the steamer will run as follows:

STEAMER CONANICUT

Between Newport and Jamestown.

Leave Newport, 6.45, 9.15, 10.30, 11.45 A. M., 1.45, 3.10, 4.30, 6.30, 8.00 P. M. Sundays, 10.30 A. M., 12.45, 5.45 P. M.

Leave Jamestown, 6.15, 8.15, 9.50, 11.10 A. M.; 1.00, 2.30, 3.50, 6.00, 7.30 P. M. Sundays, 10.00, A. M., 12.15, 5.30 P. M.

Old Colony Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations, may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after Monday, July 14, 1890, trains will leave Newport, for Boston, week days, 7.50, 10.15 A. M., a12.50, 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Return 5.45, 8.50, a9.00, 11.40 A. M., 3.40, 4.35, b6 47 P. M. Portsmouth Grove, c7.25, c10 15 A. M., c2.55, c9 15c P. M. Coal Mines, 7.25, 10.15 A. M., 1.55, c9.15 P. M. Bristol Ferry, 7.25, 10.15 A. M., 2.55, 5.15, c9.15 P. M. Tiverton, 7.25, 7.50, 10.15 A. M. 12.50, 2.55, c9.15 P. M. Fall River, 7.25, 7.50, 10.15 A. M., 12.50, 2.55, c9.15 P. M. Taunton, 7.25, 7.50, 10.15 A. M., 12.50, 2.55, 1.15 P. M. Middleboro, 7.50, 10.15 A. M. 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Cape Cod, 7.50 A. M., 2.55 P. M. Plymouth, 7.50 A. M., 2.55 P. M. New Bedford, 7.50, 10.15 A. M., 12.50, 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Fitchburg, and stations on Northern Division, 7.50, 10.15 A. M., 2.55 P. M. Lowell, 7.50 A. M., 2.55 P. M. Cottage City, Oak Bluffs, 10.15 A. M. Nantucket, 10 15 A. M. Providence, 7.50, A. M., 12.50, 2.55, 5.15 P. M. Return 7.30, 9.35 A. M., 12.40, 4.50, d6 30 P. M.

Sundays for Boston, Tiverton, Fall River, Taunton, North Easton, Stoughton, Randolph, So. Braintree, Quincy, New Bedford, 7 P. M. Return, leave Boston 4.30 A. M., 57 P. M.

a Park Square Station.
b Park Square Station, boat from Fall River.
c Will stop to leave passengers or when flagged.
d Boat from Fall River.
e From steamer landing, Long Wharf.

J. R. KENDRICK, Gen'l Manager, Boston.
GEO. L. CONNOR, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Boston.
J. R. FRENCH, Sup't. Boston
J. H. JORDAN, Ag't Newport, R. I.

Tortoise Shell HAIRPINS —AND— COMBS.

H. A. Heath & Co.,

JEWELERS,

162 THAMES STREET.

Banking and Insurance.

ESTABLISHED 1813.

HENRY BULL, JR.,

197 Thames Street.

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST INSURANCE AGENCY in the city.

LIST OF COMPANIES.

Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co.,	of London.
North British and Mercantile Insurance Co.,	of London.
City of London,	of London.
London and Lancashire,	
Franklin Insurance Co.,	of Philadelphia.
Home "	New York
Continental "	"
Hanover "	"
Commerce "	Albany
Union "	California
Springfield "	Springfield
Merchants "	Providence
National "	Hartford
Providence Mutual Insurance Co.,	of Providence.
Pawtucket Mutual Insurance Co.,	of Pawtucket.

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INSURANCE NOTICE!

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN,

MERCHANTS' BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES heretofore represented in Newport by Mr. Job T. Langley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written at this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made:—

Phœnix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn.
Queen Ins. Co. of London.
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester.
Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh and London.
Northern Assurance Co., of London.

The above companies in addition to those already represented by me, enable me to write for any amount desired, at the lowest rates, and the high standing and character of the companies offer the strongest indemnity against fire.

Niagara Ins. Co. of N. Y.	$2,650,950
American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia	2,501,858
Fire Association of Philadelphia	1,250,564
Phœnix Ins. Co. of Hartford	1,709,922
Imperial Ins. Co. of London	8,727,000
Guardian Ins. Co. of London	7,855,196
Providence Washington Ins. Co. of Providence	960,429
British American Ins. Co. of Toronto	802,413
Phœnix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn	5,383,111
Queen Ins. Co. of London	7,976,093
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester	6,498,187
Scottish Union & Nat'l Ins. Co of Edinburgh	5,332,650
Northern Assurance Co. of London	6,388,676
Phœnix Assurance Co. of London	7,887,476

A. S. SHERMAN,
Office Merchants' Bank.

7-2

PROVIDENCE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

(Incorporated A. D. 1800.)

CASH ASSETS - $220,000.

This Company has paid the people of Rhode Island more than $500,000 in losses promptly and satisfactorily settlements.

It insures against both fire and lightning, has a liberal form of policy and furnishes the best insurance at the least cost.

H. R. BARKER, President.
H. C. WATERS, Secretary.

Home Office: 45 WESTMINSTER ST., PROVIDENCE R. I.

Agent at

NEWPORT, R. I. - HENRY BULL, JR.

Druggists.

Charles M. Cole,

PHARMACIST,

302 Thames St.,

TWO DOORS NORTH OF POST OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I.

PURCHASE —OF— PRESCRIPTIONS.

I have purchased all the prescriptions to date from the pharmacy of James H. Taylor, and am prepared to fill them carefully and with best drugs.

JAMES T. WRIGHT,

PHARMACIST,

22 Washington Square.

SEVERAL SERVICEABLE

EXPRESS WAGONS

AND ONE

LUMBER WAGON

for sale or exchange for

HAY.

Can be seen from 11 to 2 P. M. at

65 & 67 BRIDGE STREET.

Henry A. Thorndike.

The True Way To Reach Boils

To Clear Eczema, Pimples, and Eruptive Diseases of all kinds is to purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Until the blood is cleansed, there can be no permanent relief from these troubles.

"Forty years ago I was severely afflicted with salt-rheum, the itching being so oppressive as to seriously interfere with sleep. Painful scabulous sores appeared on my neck and the upper part of my arms, and from there the humor went to my eyes. My appetite being poor, my health rapidly failed. I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished ten bottles I regained my appetite, improved greatly in strength, and was pronounced cured of the salt-rheum and scrofula. I consider that what I spent for this medicine was well laid out. True Sarsaparilla has indeed been me inestimable good."—Mrs. Caroline A. Garfield, Deerfield, N. H., (formerly of Lowell, Mass.).

"My little niece was afflicted with a severe cutaneous disease, which broke out at intervals and resisted treatment. At last, we tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This acted like magic. She is now entirely cured and has been in perfect health for several months."—Margaret Peyston, Clarendon, Ark.

"For a long time I was afflicted with rheumatism, and could find nothing to relieve me. A friend recommended



C. K. Murray, of Charlottesville, Va., was almost literally covered with boils and carbuncles. These all disappeared as the result of using only three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This proves that the true way to reach these troubles is through the blood. "It is now over six years," writes Mr. Murray, "since I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I have not had a pimple, nor boil, nor a sign of one in all that time."

"Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. Another effect of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a number of carbuncles on my neck and back, with swellings in my armpits, and was tormented with pain almost beyond endurance. All means of relief to which I resorted failed until I began to take Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

saparilla, and after taking four bottles I was cured."—Edwin R. Tombs, Ogemaw Springs, Mich.

one bottle of which medicine restored me to health."—S. Carter, Nashville, Tennessee.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Care of Goldfish.

Authorities differ greatly in regard to the goldfish. There are those who maintain that it can stand almost any change of temperature; and instances have been recorded in which a goldfish found frozen in a solid piece of ice has so far recovered, on being gradually thawed, as to swim about a pond again as though nothing had happened. But hardy as, in its natural state, one of these little creatures may be, experience has proved that once transplanted to aquarium or globe, much of this vigor is lost. It then becomes sensitive to almost any change. Too much sun or heat of any kind will kill it, and during a thunderstorm a globe must be removed from the window, and the water changed almost instantly.

Not only after a storm, but every day as well, the water in the globe should be changed. While doing this, the fish should be carefully removed with the hand and placed in a basin of water, a net being apt to injure the scales, and so destroy their brilliancy of color. While in the basin—and the fish should remain there for half an hour in order that the globe may be thoroughly cleansed—they may be fed with breadcrumbs or biscuit. In this way the danger of having the water in the globe made impure by the bread becoming sour is avoided.

It is altogether wrong to suppose that the water of the globe supplies all the nourishment necessary to goldfish. It must have something to eat once every day. It is quite satisfied with bits of bread and biscuit—though it is wise occasionally to vary this with duck-weed, lemna, aquatic plants, and small fry.

A branch of box ought to be placed in every globe, against which a fish may rub, and so rid itself of the slime that collects and clogs its gills. The globes should be large enough to allow free movement to the fish. In a globe of twelve inches in diameter only two fish, each of four or five inches in length, can live comfortably. For three fish of that size the globe should be at least sixteen inches in diameter. A wide-mouthed globe is by all means best, and a square or oblong tank is best of all. Efforts should be made to introduce a small jet of water into the globe or tank, thereby introducing a constant supply of fresh air, without which no fish can keep well; for water has the power to absorb a given amount of atmospheric air, and a current of fresh water is in reality then a current of fresh air. Without this air no fish can live. One that is healthy has power in its gills to extract this air while under the surface of the water. A sure indication of disease in a fish is its constantly rising to the surface to breathe.

Another symptom of disease is the languid undulating movement of the fish, the loss of brilliancy in color, and the lying motionless at the bottom of the globe. Such fish should be immediately removed from their fellows, and placed in a basin of fresh running water. Generally a few days will effect a cure.

Keep the globe not more than four-fifths filled with water. Let it stand in the coolest part of the room, near an open window. Protect it from the sun. Of all things have plenty of pure water and room.

In purchasing fish the greatest care should be taken, not only in regard to their being absolutely healthy, but also that no fish from different localities should be compelled to live together, for fish, like almost all animals, dislike outsiders. The oldest inhabitant will always hunt a stranger, sometimes even to death, just as one that is strong will destroy another that is sick.

In 1691 the first goldfish from China arrived in England. Now they are found everywhere; even in Portugal they abound so largely that yearly importations take place. When well cared for, as at Hampton Court, they grow to an enormous size.—[Harper's Young People.

This is Bad on the Crow.

The American Agricultural Department has been making careful inquiry as to the food of crows, and the result, as set forth in a report by Mr. Walter B. Barrows, is likely to surprise those who have always contended that these birds do very much more good than harm. It is not disputed that they destroy injurious insects, that they are enemies of mice and other rodents, and that they are occasionally valuable as scavengers; but these services are slight in comparison with the mischief for which they are responsible. The injury done by them to Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats and other cereals is enormous. According to one observer, the crow eats corn "from 10 minutes after planting until the blades are three inches high," and more than a score of other observers testify that he not only pulls up the young plants, but digs up the newly-sown seed. His depredations extend to potatoes, sweet potatoes, beans, peanuts, cherries, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, and he widely distributes certain poisonous plants, the seeds of which are improved rather than impaired by passage through his digestive organs. As if all this were not enough, it is shown that the crow eats beneficial insects, and that he makes a most formidable nuisance by destroying the eggs and young both of domesticated fowls and wild birds.—[From Nature.

Bessie—One of the horrid papers has sent an artist and a reporter here to write up the bathing scenes. I think they are over on that sand bank.

Jennie—How scandalous. Let's go over where they are and sit down.

Overhanging Fruit Trees.

Twenty-five cents worth of apples which fell from a tree which stood near the dividing line between two properties has resulted in a law suit which will doubtless cost each of the litigants a hundred times more than the fruit in dispute was worth. This case calls up a question concerning which there is the utmost confusion in the public mind. Most people are under the impression that when trees stand near a boundary line, while the man on whose ground the tree stands owns the tree, he is entitled only to that portion of the fruit which falls on his own premises, while his neighbor is entitled to all that hangs over on his side or which may fall on his grounds. Especially is this view held by those on whose land the tree does not stand.

We will endeavor to throw some light on this vexed question, which in cities, where properties are small and fruit trees almost constantly overhang the adjoining premises, often gives rise to much ill feeling and often to direct quarrels. A tree which stands right on a dividing line is owned by both the proprietors of the two properties, no matter whether three-fourths of the tree is on one side and only one-fourth on the other. In such case neither of the two can cut down or injure the tree without being responsible to the other. The roots of the tree extend over both properties, draw their nourishment from each, thus forming a joint ownership. When a tree stands directly on the division line, and is regarded as a line tree, then both parties are the owners of the fruit and each is entitled to one-half, without rendering an account to the other.

But when a tree stands near a boundary line, but wholly on one side of it, a different condition of things prevails. The courts of New York, Connecticut and Vermont have held that in such case the tree is the exclusive property of the man on whose land it stands, even though some of the roots may extend to the adjoining property and derive support and nourishment from it, and that the owner is the exclusive owner of all the fruit the tree bears, no matter whether any of it hangs over the boundary line or not. All the fruit that drops on the other side is the property of the man on whose land the tree stands and the neighbor has no right to prevent the owner from crossing the line to pick up the fruit. If he attempts to prevent it by force, he can be held in a suit for assault and battery. By the decisions in Massachusetts and Vermont, a man has an implied license to enter the lot of his neighbor to pick up the fruit which has fallen from a tree standing on the former's premises, provided that he does no harm to the latters' premises. Of course, if vegetables or grain were planted under the tree this might make a difference, but unless such was the case, and his property was in no wise injured by going in it to secure his own fruit, the neighbor cannot hold him in damages. At the same time the neighbor has a remedy in cutting off the projecting branches of the tree. That is his right, but if he neglects to avail himself of it, he cannot in any way prevent the man on whose grounds the tree stands from obtaining possession of his fruit. Whatever one's legal rights in such cases, neighborly courtesy suggests the giving of a portion of the fruit which hangs over on the neighbor's property. This is generally sufficient to prevent trouble in such cases, but at the same time there is no legal obligation or right involved in the matter.—[Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.

Henry Clay's Homestead.

"The old homestead of Henry Clay," said Mr. James Harrock, of Frankfort, Ky., at the Sherman, "is the property of Major H. C. McDowell, a relative by marriage of the Clay family. It retains all the interesting features of the days when it was the pride of the great pacificatorland the banquet hall for statesmen, as well as a hospitable retreat for jaded and moneyless travelers through the blue grass region. Hundreds of persons visit the historic spot in the course of a week, and are shown through with true Kentucky courtesy by Major McDowell and his servants. Within the walls many valuable relics, which were preserved by Clay, still remains as nearly as possible in the positions which he placed them. The swords, the medals and other trophies which would lead one to conclude that they symbolized military achievements were the presents of friends who showed this mark of esteem to the conquest of the great lover of peace."—[Chicago News.

Briggs—"I did not see you at church last Sunday." Braggs—"No; I didn't get in until you had gone to sleep."

Going in debt—Accepting presents from people.

The liver and kidneys must be kept in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a great remedy for regulating these organs.

Would we be happier if all our hopes were realized?

Rheumatism is caused by a poisonous acid in the blood and yields to Ayer's Pills. Many cases which seemed chronic and hopeless, have been completely cured by this medicine. It will cost but little to try what effect the Pills may have in your case. We predict success.

Doubt is that which makes man suspicious of all his kind.

For stiffness and strains, rub with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and then bind in flannel.

S.S. Department

Sunday School Lesson—Sept. 28.

REVIEW, OR TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Dan. 5:1-6.

Revised Version.—Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar his father had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king and his lords, his wives and his concubines might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king and his lords, his wives and his concubines, drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone. In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed in him, and his thoughts troubled him, and the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

Of Daniel, the fourth of "the greater prophets," nothing is known concerning his parentage or family. However, he appears to have been of royal parentage or family. He was one of those carried away to Babylon in "the third year of Jehoiakim" (B. C. 601). He, with three other Hebrew youths, was selected to receive an education of three years, fitting them for positions in the Chaldean empire. It is known that he was marked not only by his physical beauty and intelligence, but even more strikingly by his strength of character and religious fervor and sincerity. Here in the most magnificent city in the world Daniel maintained his temperance principles and stood by his religious convictions, firm in his obedience to God. God blessed Daniel and his friends in a signal manner.

Far different was the character of Belshazzar (Prince of Bel), the last king of Babylon. His end was different; he was slain during a drunken feast in his palace. Similarly Xenophon tells us that Babylon was taken by Cyrus in the night, while the inhabitants were engaged in feasting and revelry, and that the king was killed. On the other hand the narrative of Berosus in Josephus and that of Herodotus differ from the above in some important particulars, but these discrepancies, however, have been cleared up by the discoveries of Sir Henry Rawlinson. Berosus calls the last king of Babylon Nabonnedus or Nabonadius, and says that in the 17th year of his reign Cyrus took Babylon, the king having retired to the neighboring city of Borsippus or Borsippa. Herodotus called the last king Labynetus. From the inscriptions it appears that the eldest son of Nabonnedus was called Bel-shar-ezar contracted into Belshazzar, and admitted by his father to a share in the government. As joint king with his father, Belshazzar may have been governor of Babylon when the city was attacked by the combined force of the Medes and Persians, and may have perished in the assault which followed; while Nabonnedus leading a force to the relief of the place was defeated, and obliged to take refuge in Borsippa. In Dan. 5:2, Nebuchadnezzar is called the father of Belshazzar. This may mean only grandfather or ancestor. Rawlinson connects Belshazzar with Nebuchadnezzar through his mother; but Marcus Niebuhr considers Belshazzar to be another name for Evil-merodach, the son of Nebuchadnezzar.

While it was usual for the king to feast apart from his nobles, yet in this luxurious revelry the king was in the presence of a great number of his lords. Excited by wine the king conceived the idea of desecrating the gold and silver vessels which had been taken from the temple in Jerusalem. According to Ezra (1:8-11) the number of vessels was 5,400. They not only desecrated vessels consecrated to sacred purposes, but they indulged in the lowest forms of idolatry. In their hilarious revelry, a hand was seen to write on the wall words which, interpreted, foretold the doom of the riotous king.

His city was surrounded by an enemy, but he gave himself up to wine and mirth; he was weighed and found wanting where character, watchfulness and valor were needed. Those indulging in alcoholic beverages, those given up to self-gratification, unless they change their mode of life, will find themselves weighed and found wanting. The drunkard's doom is a terrible one!

$1,000 For Nothing.

Doctors, no matter how prominent they are, can't begin to demand the fees that physicians of comparative standing can in New York city. I happen to have personal knowledge of a case in point.

New York's most successful heart and lung specialist has a practice that is estimated at $80,000 a year. This is not a large estimate. He was one day summoned to the bedside of a very wealthy banker, who lived up in Connecticut, over one hundred miles from New York city. The eminent physician was ushered into the sick man's room as soon as he arrived. It took him just five minutes to form his opinion, without resorting to scarcely any examination.

When the physician came out of the sick room the brother of the banker said: "Well, Dr.——, what do you think?"

"Your brother will not live twenty-four hours," was the laconic reply.

"That's what our physician here has told us, but we didn't know but what there might be a chance for him."

"None whatever."

"What is your bill, doctor?"

"It will be $1,000."

"Wha—at?" exclaimed the other. "Why, that is outrageous. You haven't done a thing for us."

"I have abandoned my practice in New York for a whole day to come up here in response to your imperative summons. You wanted to know just what your brother's chances for life are. You have found out. My bill is $1,000, no more and no less. I shan't abate one cent of it, unless I make it nothing. You can take your choice between these two courses, for I wouldn't sue you if you refused to pay."

A check for $1,000 was made out to the physician's order. The banker died three hours later.

Mended a Broken Neck.

Physicians connected with the Philadelphia Hospital are highly elated over the fact of their having successfully mended a broken neck. The patient Harry Beigel, aged 14 years, residing at No. 514 North Forty-First street, fell from an elevator, landing on his head and dislocating his neck, on May 8. When brought to the hospital the case was considered hopeless, but by experiments with extending weights attached to the patient's head and feet the neck was eventually set and kept in place by means of a plaster of paris jacket, which, after a month's time, was removed, with the result that the displaced bones were properly set, and the patient now has full power of his neck. The case is looked upon as a wonderful piece of surgical work.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

(Continued from second page.)

ly passed her with a bow. This piqued her. While she did not relish a heathen au serieux, she relished less a heathen indifferent.

Tom and he became fast friends; he often took the lad with him on fishing excursions, and feasted his fancy on wonderful tales of whaling and ocean storms.

"He's a jolly fellow," Tom remarked one day. "Says maybe he'll go to the North Pole after whales next year; and I want you, Helen, to make me a suit out of your old sealskin you don't wear, and, maybe, I can go with him. I say, I told him where we lived, and he said he would come up and see us next winter, and ask father himself."

Howard sent some fine moss by Tom to Aunt Carrie, and an occasional string of fish; but, beyond that, he seemed to have forgotten Helen's existence. She did not know how, sometimes, in the late afternoon, after a hard day's work, he would trudge the weary three miles through the heavy sand, and lay outstretched on the top of the hill by the old fort, eagerly scanning the streets for a glimpse of her figure, as she came back from her afternoon stroll on the beach. Jack Howard was proud even in his love—and love is a great leveller—and he was determined. He felt as most lovers do, that she was a creature infinitely above him—a creature of high caste—and his spirit chafed under the sense of inequality. He thought perhaps it was the books. He went to town and obtained volume after volume from the old Spanish library. He liked the books of travel and adventure, but the others tired him, and he could not find out in books where the difference lay.

He stretched himself out on the warm sands one day, and busied himself with untangling some fishing tackle for an excuse and pondered over the problem. He began with a rigid self-examination. "Here I am, Jack Howard, aged twenty-five, strong of limb and strong of muscle, utterly free, owing nothing to the world and claiming nothing from it. I am a man of feeling and heart, moulded in the same form as my fellow-beings, yet I am not of them. Why is it? I might have come from another world, there is such a span between a man like me and a woman like Helen Acton."

His thoughts ran on groping after the solution of the mystery, when he heard a fresh young voice calling to him, and, looking up, he saw Tom standing on the cliff above, his hands in his pockets, whistling Yankee Doodle. Then the agile boy jumped from rock to rock like a mountain goat, and was soon beside him.

"Do you know?" Tom said in tones of grief, "we are going away tomorrow."

Howard quickly thought: "I will see her before, and tell her all, and let her decide."

"We are going back to that beastly hole," Tom continued, "and we'll have dinner parties and kettledrums and I'll have to go to bed early," he sighed reflectively. "And I won't have you—I say," Tom started up as if a new idea had occurred to him, "why don't you come, too?"

"Because I am different," Howard answered vaguely.

"Sister says"—a look of interest flashed into Howard's face—"it's only your queer ugly makes you different from other folks, that your grammar's all right; and I tell you—" Tom's face expressed a good deal of anxiety—"that's a load off a fellow. They keep poking grammar at a fellow until he gets all tangled up. If your grammar's right, maybe you'll get into the Solon club. If you'd dress up, you'd look as well as Gerald Downing, sis says, and he's president of the Solon club and never gets his grammar wrong." Tom waxed confidential: "Gerald Downing was here last week, and I heard sis telling him about you, and she said you was 'fine, raw material,' whatever that is, and 'needed working up.' Then they talked a lot of stuff, I don't know what, and I bet they don't know either. I like you better as you are, I think." Tom stood off a little way, and eyed him with an art connoisseur air. "I like your duds, and if your hat was only bigger and you had some pistols and a belt you'd make a stunning pirate. You're a million times better than Gerald Downing and his lot. My sis is going to marry him some day. My! he's got a pile of money and a stunnin' drag. I say, I hate to tell you good-by."

Tears came into the little fellow's eyes, but after extracting a promise from Jack to carve him a harpoon from a whalebone, he left him comforted.

"It is the clothes then," Howard mused bitterly as he watched the small lad disappear up the cliff path. "To think that I should have slunched the books for a thing a little child could have told me. Fool that I am"—he laughed a harsh, unpleasant laugh as he gathered his tackle together—"that I had forgotten the outside makes the gentleman."

His thoughts were bitter as he walked slowly back to the hut. "I see I was the experiment—the raw material—and the other fellow was the one after all." He thought scornfully. "I am not used to city ways. I am nature."

When he reached home he ministered to old Jose's wants with the tenderness of a woman. He did not go to see the Actons on the next morning, as he had intended, but trudged to his old watching place at the fort. The air was still and quiet. Sunshine everywhere poured in floods over the old crumbling adobes, and lay in mellow patches underneath the rose trees. A sea bird was the only living thing in sight. First it dived into the water, then rose again in the clear sunlight. It gleamed white. Then it was joined by a mate, and together they both sped away in the distance.

Howard watched their flight with eager longing. His heart was sore troubled. It was like the ending of the old romance he had read. "And so they were married happily, and lived together all their lives." The words made a strange humming in his ears. He sprang to his feet. He would go down and see Helen before the train started, and perhaps all would be right.

Just then a puff of smoke rose in the air, the train moved slowly from the station. Each wheel seemed to him as if it were crushing his heart. He watched until the smoke faded away, and the train was a mere speck in the distance.—[Mary W. Glasscock in Overland Monthly.

We Caution All Against Them.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head—has induced many adventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market, in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation of it. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents.

GRANDMOTHER SAYS!

When she was a girl that her mother always gave her sulphur and molasses to purify her blood, but she now gives Sulphur Bitters to her grandchildren, as it is the best medicine she ever saw.—[The Father.

Riches have wings but they always roost on the highest branches.

The breaking of lamp-chimneys is one of the most provoking of home annoyances, and leads to a constant stream of expense.

It can be stopped. The breaking is due to brittle glass.

There are two kinds of glass. One is as tough as the other is brittle. Tough glass costs a little more than brittle. That is the explanation.

Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh, make their "pearl-top" chimneys of fine tough glass.

BAY STATE GUITARS MADE BY J. HAYNES & CO. BOSTON. THE BEST AT THE LOWEST PRICE. SEND FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

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BUILDING LOTS,

60 by 110 (6600 square feet of land) for one hundred and fifty dollars, situated on the Howland plat, south of the Ferry Road and west of Howland avenue, Jamestown, Conanicut Island.

These lots are only a short distance from the Ferry, and now is the time to secure a good building lot for only $150, as the number is limited at that price. Apply to

Daniel Watson,

235 THAMES STREET,

where plat can be seen.

JAMESTOWN HOUSE LOTS For Sale.

Fine building sites, with view of the Bay and Newport. Within five minutes' walk of the steam ferry. Apply on the premises, or write to

ISAAC P. CARR,

P. O. Box 6. Jamestown, R. I.

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MONEY made easy Manufacturing Rubber Stamps. Send for Price List of Outfits, to J. F. W. Dorman, No. 217 East German Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Hot House Grapes

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California Peaches, Apricots and Plums constantly on hand.

IN OUR FISH MARKET,

adjoining the fruit store you will find a full assortment of all the fresh and salt fish in the market. Also soft shell crabs, lobsters, etc. All orders promptly delivered.

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CHASE'S RENOVATING COMPOUND FOR DISEASES OF POULTRY.

At the solicitation of many people who have used this remedy for their poultry the discoverer has put it in the market.

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CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50c. at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, '90.

According to the new census New Hampshire has a population of 376.007.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that sex is no disqualification to admission to the bar in that state.

The production of pig iron in the world is estimated at 27,000,000 tons, of which the United States will produce this year 10,000,000 tons.

The Republican League of Pennsylvania hold its annual convention at Philadelphia Tuesday. Speaker Reed delivered an address in the evening.

The State fair this year might well be called the occasion of a Democratic love feast. The speakers of Tuesday were Gov. Davis and the Democratic Congressman from Kentucky, W. C. P. Breckenbridge.

The Republicans secured a quorum in the House Tuesday and ended what has proved, probably, the most protracted and bitterly contested election case ever decided by the House. The result was the seating of the colored ex-minister to Liberia, John M. Langston.

Some fifty literary women of New England are to participate in the Congress of Women to be held at Toronto on Oct. 14. Among the speakers from Massachusetts will be the President, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Miss Mary F. Eastman and Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods.

A despatch from the Mount Pleasant House, White Mountains, Thursday says: The first frost of the season occurred this morning, and all vegetation was killed. Yesterday on Mount Washington snow fell during the day, and this morning there was six inches, and the temperature went down to 18 degrees. The entire White Mountain range down as low as Jacob's Ladder is white with snow. The day has been exceedingly mild in the valley and hundreds of excursionists have arrived.

As a result of the Democratic ward caucuses Monday night Newport will send a solid delegation to Providence on Wednesday next in favor of Col. Oscar Lapham for Congress. In all probability Col. Lapham will have most of the delegates from this county. He appears to have the inside track and will in all probability receive the nomination. Col. Lapham is a gentleman of ability, and good character and we know of no Democrat capable of doing more for his constituents than he if he should be elected. If, however, the Republicans do their duty and make a good clean nomination there is not much chance for his election.

The Conference committee has agreed upon the tariff bill which was to be reported to the House yesterday. It will be acted upon by the two houses at once and will probably go to the President for his signature next week. It is supposed that the bill will go into effect very soon after its passage. The great bone of contention in the committee was sugar and binding twine. By the conference report sugar is made free below No. 16. Above that grade the duty is one-half cent a pound. A bounty is paid to the native producer on high grades varying from one and three-quarters to two cents a pound. The duty on binder's twine is fixed at three-fourths of a cent a pound.

It is amusing to see the efforts that are being put forth in certain quarters to bolster up the claims of Henry J. Spooner for renomination to Congress from this district. A list of the things he is supposed to have accomplished in the last eight years is given as an evidence of his usefulness to Newport. This list alone proves what we have said heretofore in regard to him, for many other New England congressmen have accomplished for their constituents more in the first term of their congressional career than Spooner has done in the four that he has been honored by his constituents. The most unfortunate part of the statement in regard to the list of works for which the congressmen of this district gets the credit, we happen to know is the fact that the chief part of the labor was accomplished by others.

One of the best arguments that has yet been advanced in favor of the McKinley tariff bill is the opposition to it that has been raised by foreign countries who are working for American trade. Minister Phelps says the bill has caused little short of consternation in some districts in Germany. In Saxony it created the most excitement, and a number of delegations have visited the Minister of Foreign Affairs to broach the passage of retaliatory measures against the United States. That official, however, said Mr. Phelps, very kindly put them off by saying that the bill would not be so harsh in its stipulations as was generally supposed, and that it would not affect the German manufacturers to any great extent. Mr. Phelps admitted that considerable indignation existed against the United States on account of the measure, but he would not deny the possibility of eventual retaliation by Germany. The bill, he thought, would be beneficial by stimulating German emigration to this country. In some districts arrangements have already been made for whole parties to come to America. The idea seems to prevail that that is their only chance.

Mr. W. T. Wyatt, vice grand of Rhode Island Lodge No. 12, I. O. of O. F., has been elected noble grand of that lodge, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Robert M. Pike.

The Chances for the Next Congress.

The question whether the Republicans will control the next House, the members of which, with a few exceptions, will be chosen in November next, is already beginning to attract a great deal of attention. They hold that body now only by the slender majority of eleven, five of whom were furnished by the new States. Some incline to the opinion that the Democrats will be successful in the fall Congressional elections, mainly because the Republicans are not good voters in off years. The notion is disseminated in relation to them that the performance of civic duties has no charm for them, unless a President is to be chosen.

It is Congress which rules the country and not the President. It is, therefore, inconceivable that there should be a large number of persons belonging to one party, who never exercise the elective franchise, unless the Chief Executive officer is to be elected. If there be any such, it must be said that they are very ignorant citizens and scarcely deserve the political rights they enjoy. There is a falling off in the vote in off years from the preceding Presidential vote, merely because off-year politics have not the same attractions for the office-seekers. The Presidential election with them is a sort of quadrennial grab-bag in which all of them expect to find prizes. These patriots are not confined to either of the great parties.

It is quite evident therefore that in searching for the causes which will throw whatever light is attainable on the approaching Congressional elections, we will have to look beyond assumptions which have really not a leg to stand on. If the Republicans are going to fail in securing a majority in the next House, there must be some proof of the existence of Republican apathy. This will not be found in local or State elections, which are controlled by a multitude of local issues. The American people must be given credit for the ability to distinguish between a Mayor and a Member of Congress. The apathy that foreshadows defeat must be found, if anywhere, in the distinctive Congressional field. There have thus far been but three States holding Congressional elections and these have all chosen Republicans, Oregon and Maine by largely increased majorities. If these elections are worth anything as a guide for coming events the Republicans have the best of the fight. There are, however, over forty districts in the United States where a few hundred votes will carry the day either way and it is to these doubtful places that we must look for the majorities that are to be expected for either side.

Express Changes Next Week.

On Wednesday next, October 1st, the Adams Express Company will withdraw from business in this city and the New York and Boston Despatch Express Co., will move into the quarters occupied by the Adams. It is not known yet whether the office on Thames street now occupied by the New York & Boston will be abandoned or whether both places will be kept open for the present. Mr. Jere I. Greene, who for the past seventeen years has been connected with the express business of this city, most of the time as manager of the New York & Boston office, has been ordered to take charge of the Adams office on Pelham street on the 1st. Mr. Wolcott will be removed to some other field. The Adams Express Company have owned a controlling interest in the New York & Boston Express Company for some time and the business hereafter will be virtually under the charge of the Adams company but it will be transacted in the name of the New York and Boston and most of the latter company's employes will be retained.

The residence of United States Minister William Walter Phelps on the Dorotheen Strasse, Berlin, is considered a miracle of elegance and splendor by the frugal-minded Berliners. Even wealthy and fashionable Germans live in flats with shops on the ground-floor. But Mr. Phelps took a whole house, tore out the shops, replaced them by kitchens and servants' offices, had parquetrie floors, filled the establishment with costly and beautiful furniture, and constructed and decorated a ballroom which is pronounced the finest private room in the capital.

It is said that during the Emperor of Germany's recent visit to Russia, the Czar was ready to discuss sport, scenery, wines and such topics unweariedly, and he would gossip and retail Rabelaisian anecdotes by the hour, but he absolutely refused to enter upon the momentous subjects which the Emperor was panting to discuss. The young Emperor is said to have brought away a terrible personal enmity to the Czar.

The body of Mrs. Francis Beard, formerly of this city, was brought here and interred in the Island Cemetery last Wednesday. Mrs. Beard removed from Newport a few years ago to Brooklyn, where she has since been residing.

Judge and Mrs. Gray are expected home from Europe Monday. After a short stay in Newport, they will go to Lenox for a while after which they will go to Albany where they will spend the winter.

Commander-in-chief Veasey has appointed Henry C. Luther of Providence a member of the National Council of Administration of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Emperor of Austria has decided that the electric light shall be introduced into his palace at Vienna. Eight thousand incandescent lights will be required.

Democratic Ward Caucuses.

Tuesday evening the democrats held their ward caucuses to nominate delegates to meet in convention to select delegates to represent them in the coming district convention to nominate a representative in Congress. The results of the several gatherings were as follows:

FIRST WARD.

Chairman—William H. Brooks.
Secretary—Martin H. Hall.
Delegates—Dalton E. Young, William E. Mumford, Thomas Murphy, W. H. Brooks, Charles Davenport.

SECOND WARD.

Chairman—J. H. Martin.
Secretary—T. E. Bakeley.
Delegates—P. J. Murphy, P. F. Nolan, J. J. Shea, H. H. Young, C. A. Ives.

THIRD WARD.

Chairman—Thomas Burlingham
Secretary—Charles Crandall, Jr.
Delegates—S. R. Honey, T. B. Helme, J. H. Crosby, Jr., Joseph Graham, J. S. Engs, Jr.

FOURTH WARD.

Chairman—J. B. Cottrell.
Secretary—W. J. Underwood.
Delegates—W. J. Underwood, J. B. Cottrell, J. S. Hazard, John Gilpin, John French

FIFTH WARD.

Chairman—D. B. Fearing.
Secretary—Frank Hughes.
Delegates—D. B. Fearing, P. J. Boyle, J. J. Lynch, M. A. McCormick, Daniel J. Buckley.

Real Estate Sales.

The Kendall property on Elm and Washington streets was sold at mortgagee's sale last Monday. The property was sold in five parcels. One, a lot on Elm street 50x100 with stable and small cottage, was sold to Mr. N. J. DeBlois for $1,810. The other four parcels, consisting of the large house and lot 50x100 on the corner of Washington and Elm streets, the house and lot 75x50 and the lot 50x100 on Elm street, and the lot 50x100 on Washington street, were bid in by Mr. W. R. Hunter, the mortgagee, for $12,750.

Catherine Horgan has sold to Maurice S. Horgan the lot at the northeast corner of Holland and Thames streets, with the improvement thereon.

Letter Carrier's Association.

The Newport Letter Carriers have organized a local association, and have asked for a charter from the National Letter Carriers' Association. This will put them in union with the letter carriers throughout the country in any movements for the improvement of the carriers or their condition. The officers of the local branch are:

President—E. I. Gorton.
Vice Pres.—B. B. Carr.
Secretary—W. H. Lee.
Treasurer—W. A. Ward.
Sergeant-at-arms—F. Moriarty.

Improved Tenement Association.

This Association held a special meeting last Friday and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—J. N. A. Griswold.
Sec. and Treas.—Dr. F. Bradley.
Directors—Miss E. F. Mason, Miss Birckhead, Mrs. L. Spencer, Dr. F. Bradley and Mr. L. Spencer.

Messrs. R. M. Franklin, J. Stacy Brown, Alex Peckham, John Hart and Herman Brown have returned to Harvard to resume their studies.

The Pacifics of this city are to play a return game of base ball with the Banner Boys at Providence next Saturday.

A. O'D. Taylor.

124 Bellevue avenue, Newport, R. I.

1. FOR SALE—A splendid pasturage farm in Middletown with house and large barn stocked with hay. Upwards of 70 acres.
2. FOR SALE—At $3,250 a small farm (without residence but with barn), of 32¼ acres, on Holy Cross Church Road.
3. FURNISHED Cottages for the winter season. A selection from $250 up to $600. All in the fashionable "Hill" district.
4. BUILDING SITES for working men at 15 to 20 cents near polo lot. Money lent on mortgage to assist in building.

Marriages.

At Fall River, 24th inst., by Rev. Mr. Gile, Annie G. West of Newport, and Frank M. Bronson of Ithaca, N. Y.

Deaths.

In this city, 20th inst., James, son of John and Mary Adair, aged 4 years and 10 months.

In this city, 21st inst., Augustus N. Green, aged 72 years.

In this city, 22d inst., William J. A., son of George H. and the late Rebecca T. Champlin, aged 25 years.

In this city, 24th inst., Selina Macdonald, aged 73 years.

In this city, 24th inst., Bessie Rogers, infant daughter of Noah and Rachel W. Thompson, aged 7 months.

In this city, 23th inst., Hattie A., daughter of William H. H. and Abby M. Thompson, aged 9 years, 8 months and 25 days.

In this city, 25th inst., Frank, son of Simon and Julia Koschny, aged 3 months and 6 days.

In this city, 25th inst., Hedwig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Arnold, aged 4 years 9 months.

In this city, Mary Agnes Riley, beloved wife of John Riley, in the 45th year of her age.

In Providence, 20th inst., Elvira A., widow of Gardner Pierce, 81; 21st inst., Myra Nott, wife of the late Rev. David Shepley, 81; 20th inst., Nancy M., widow of James Sacharine, 73; 18th inst., George W. Whitman, 78; 11th inst., Richard A. Burgess, 83 years.

In Rockland, R. I., 19th inst., Freelove, widow of Asa Ingraham, in her 75th year.

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FROM THE CAPITAL.

President Harrison to Return to Washington—The Tariff Bill—The Democrats Abuse Secretary Windom—The River and Harbor Bill Settled—The Lottery Question—Secretary Noble Returned—Superintendent Porter Recovering—Trouble in the House.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept., 22, 1890.

The President will return to Washington this week, but from present indications, the White House will be in no condition to receive him and his family for at least ten days to come, and to get it ready that soon the workmen will have to do some lively hustling. It has not been fully determined where they will go, but it is probable that they will accept the hospitality of Postmaster-General Wanamaker, which has been tendered them, until the White House is ready for them.

The conference committee would have reported the tariff bill to-day if no time had been lost through democratic filibustering in the House, which compelled the House republican members of the committee to be in their seats in the House when they might just as well have been at work upon that measure. The committee has almost completed its work and the bill will probably be reported Tuesday or Wednesday at the latest, unless the lack of a republican quorum delays it and, as usual, the numerous democratic prophecies of irreconcilable differences among the republicans fail to materialize; there has been no trouble whatever up to this writing and none is expected. The republicans of the committee were unanimously in favor of the reciprocity amendment, and they were also unanimous for a new amendment extending the time for removing imported goods from bonded ware-houses to February 1. 1891.

Only the other day democrats in Congress, and editing newspapers, were heaping abuse upon Secretary Windom because he did not place the entire cash surplus of the Government at the disposal of the New York speculators who were yelling "panic" as loud as they could, and now that all danger of a panic has been avoided by the able manner in which Secretary Windom put a very large sum of money legitimately into circulation, these very same democrats are abusing Mr. Windom for doing it, and accusing him of having exceeded his legal authority in paying out money to relieve the money market; one of them—Senator Cockrell—giving utterance to his criticism on the floor of the Senate. That's a fair specimen of what the democratic party has been doing for thirty years; it always opposes what the republican party does, no matter how much statesmanship and patriotism may be displayed by that party.

The President signed the River and Harbor bill within twenty-four hours after he received it, and a good many people in and out of Congress, interested in the various items carried by it, are feeling much better than they did this time last week.

The bill closing the mails to all matter pertaining to lotteries, including newspapers which publish their advertisements, was signed by the President at the same time, and the high-priced lottery lobby are now engaged in trying to discover some way to break the force of the new law. It is understood that they have advised the Louisiana lottery company to employ several prominent gentlemen, including Mr. Grover Cleveland, as attornies for the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the law in the Courts.

Secretary Noble has returned from his vacation looking much improved and, he says, feeling in tip-top condition.

Superintendent Porter of the Census bureau who was dangerously ill last week from nervous prostration brought on by worry, and overwork, is much better though not yet entirely out of danger.

To say that the present condition of affairs in the House of Representatives is disgraceful is a very mild way of putting it. Another week has been entirely wasted by the democratic hide and seek method of breaking a quorum and so determined were these sulkers to get out of the chamber every time an attempt was made to do any business that several of them did not hesitate when they found one of the doors locked to kick it open in order to get out before their names were reached in the roll call. One of these kicking democrats was Representative Kilgore, of Texas, who several years ago earned the title of "bully" by his anxiety to fight a man old enough to be his father. His valiant assault on the door is worthy of a place beside Don Quixote's charge on the wind mills, and Sancho Panza's place was filled by Amos Cumming an able journalist, who lately imagines himself a politician. There is only one remedy for this state of affairs That is, to get a quorum of republicans on the floor of the House, and for this the republican managers have been striving for several weeks without success. If they can get a quorum of republicans to stay here for a week they could pass all the measures necessary, and if the quorum does not materialize by the time the tariff bill is reported from conference serious trouble is feared. Every day republicans expect to see that quorum, but they have been disappointed so often that they are almost losing hope.

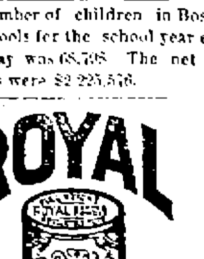
WEEKLY ALMANAC.

SEPTEMBER STANDARD TIME. 1890.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
27 Sat	5 52	5 49	4 57	5 41	6 05
28 Sun	5 53	5 47	rises	6 23	6 53
29 Mon	5 54	5 46	6 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
30 Tues	5 55	5 44	7 16	7 50	8 28
1 Wed	5 56	5 42	7 46	8 38	9 22
2 Thurs	5 57	5 41	8 21	9 29	10 22
3 Fri	5 58	5 39	9 2	10 25	11 24

Last Quarter, 5th day, 10h. 29m., evening.
New Moon 14th day, 2h. 52m., morning.
First Quarter, 21st day, 5h. 5m., evening.
Full Moon, 28th day, 5h. 0m., morning.

The number of children in Boston public schools for the school year ending last May was 68,708. The net expenditures were $2,225,536.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.



Paralyzed!

How often do we hear of persons being suddenly stricken with paralysis? But such persons, although apparently stricken suddenly, *had in all cases been warned* for months by premonitory symptoms, which, if they are heeded and cured by the proper remedy, would have prevented the fatal result. *Paralysis is often curable, but it can always be prevented if taken in time.*

Among the first symptoms will be noticed a *nervousness or restlessness with weak and tired feeling* in the limbs and *general sense of exhaustion;* any unwonted exertion will be followed by *great fatigue,* and the *weakness* will be very marked. These symptoms will often be accompanied by bad feeling in the head, and the person often *wakes each morning more tired and languid than on retiring.* As the disease progresses there will be a *coldness and bad circulation in the feet and limbs,* followed, after a time, by a slight *numbness or tingling,* at first hardly noticeable, but gradually becoming more and more marked. Among the first symptoms, also, are a *weakness, tired feeling or trembling of the limbs* with an *exhausted sensation.*

A Marvellous Cure of Paralysis.

This certifies that I was stricken with paralysis of the left side in 1866, and have since that time been under the treatment of many physicians and tried various remedies. I could not, in all the years that have passed, since stricken, lift my left foot from the floor. I commenced taking Dr. Greene's Nervura, and am now able to walk without a cane, having good use of my foot and side, so long useless. Dr. Greene's Nervura has cured me of my terrible trouble.

ALEXANDER HORN,
Marine Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 21st day of December, A. D. 1887.

J. S. PHILLIPS, Notary Public.

Another Remarkable Cure.

I had a stroke of paralysis. The suffering I endured was unbearable. My speech was impaired, my mouth drawn to one side, and the pains in my head were maddening. I used Dr. Greene's Nervura, and before I had used a bottle I felt a marked improvement and now I feel myself again. It gives me great pleasure to recommend all troubled with nervous complaints, or any similar affliction to mine, to use this really wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura.

PAULINE ROE,
306 7th ave., New York city.

Proofs like these are an almost certain guarantee that all similarly affected can be cured by this wonderful remedy. *Do not hesitate for a moment* when perfect restoration to health is within reach. By no means neglect the first symptoms, for they surely lead to prostration and paralysis. Save yourself from the terrible disease *while there is time.* If you are suffering from any nervous disease, like *nervousness, nervous and physical exhaustion, sleeplessness, nervous debility, mental depression, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, heart disease, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, nervous prostration,* or weakness and debility, by all means use this wonderful remedy and prevent a serious or fatal issue. Dr. Greene's Nervura is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and is for sale at druggists for $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., its discoverer, is the famous specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted special attention to the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases through letter correspondence, and will give by mail his opinion and advice in any case free of charge. The perfection of this system renders a complete cure almost assured, as his success in treatment by correspondence is wonderful and unequalled. Send for symptom blank to fill out or write him about your case.

A commercial panic prevails in Lisbon, where the leading banks are trembling. A crisis is imminent.

USE DR. CRAIG'S

Original Kidney & Liver Cure

Crown Plasters and Pills.

They are the only safe Remedies to use for those afflicted with Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint and Urinary Affections. Only those prepared in the DRY FORM are the Original and the only Kidney and Liver Cure that will restore you to perfect health.

All Ladies use

C. B. R. A.

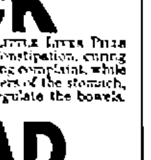
Sold by all Druggists.

The Craig Medicine Co.,

PASAIC, N. J.

524

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



Hats in every Shape,

in Felt, Velvet and Beaver.

CHILD'S PLUSH AND Silk Caps

SCHREIER'S

Queen Anne Millinery

ESTABLISHMENT,

143 THAMES STREET.

SPECIAL

Grand Opening

—ON—

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

OCTOBER 1st, 2d and 3d.

ELEGANT DISPLAY

—IN—

Trimmed Millinery.

We would be pleased to have to have the ladies call on the above dates.

PLEASE

RETURN MY

GRAIN BAGS.

A. A. BARKER,

162 & 164

BROADWAY.

Feather Weight Clothing

—FOR—

Sultry July and August Days.

For Boating, Fishing, Yachting and Tennis.

Single Coats,

For Office, House, Street and Country Wear, in Alapa, Mohair, Seersucker and Fancy Flannels.

White and Fancy Vests,

FANCY IN MIXTURE BUT NOT IN PRICE,

An Endless Variety, from 50c. to $5.00.

BLAZERS IN ALL THE LEADING COLORS From 75c. to $5,00.

Lawn Tennis Suits, Coats and Vest, and Coats,

Also White and Striped Pants in great variety.

Newport One-Price Clothing Co.,

208-Thames Street-208

EDWARD P. MARSH,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR and EMBALMER.

A Complete Line of CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, etc., always in Stock.

101 & 103 Thames St. Residence, 14 Everett St.

Southern Pine Wood for Kindlings,

also Tinder Wood, Kiln-dried.

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PERRY MILL WHARF, 341 THAMES STREET.

COAL!

GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & Co.

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Dealers in the best varieties of

FAMILY AND STEAM COAL

always on hand.

OAK, HICKORY, PINE AND SOUTHERN PINE WOOD

carefully prepared and delivered.

"LEHIGH" Furnace Coal.

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PLYMOUTH RED ASH COAL.

FREE BURNING WHITE ASH COAL,

in all sizes. The best in the world for family use.

PERRY BROTHERS,

187 THAMES STREET.

LEARN

KNOW THE SECRET OF THIS SIGN

[Le]arn how to feel young again. How to live [the] happy life that Nature intended all her [he]althy children to live. One is never older [th]an one feels. With good pure blood one [m]ay feel 25 at 60, but with impure blood one [m]ay feel 60 at 30. Keep your blood pure.

Now learn the secret of the [si]gn above. "Improved M.D." [is] a preparation known as [...]ishers' Improved Medical Discovery, which gives year after year, to thousands, pure blood and good health.

If you have the dull, stupid sensation, the [dr]ag, drag, drag of impure blood the gentle harmless action of this medicine, mild for youth or old age, may surprise you, but it will surely please you, cleanse your blood, at once from all impurities, and make you feel healthy, young and happy.

It will surely rid you of all BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, JAUNDICE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, LOSS OF APPETITE, INDIGESTION, GENERAL DEBILITY AND ALL OTHER IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

Although improved in manufacture as well as quality, this medicine Fisher's IMPROVED MEDICAL DISCOVERY, now sells for only $1.00 per bottle.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Roxbury Medical Co.,

52 WARREN ST. ROXBURY MASS.

Sold by CHAS. M. COLE druggist.

Hot Ginger Tea.

If there is a little cramp or pain anywhere, a sense of chill, with cold extremities, uneasiness in the stomach, a touch of rheumatism, a feeling of nervousness, restlessness or wakefulness, or mental or physical exhaustion, nothing is so pure, so safe, so wholesome as a hot cup of ginger tea made from

Sanford's Ginger,

the purest and best of warming stomachics. Containing, among its ingredients, the best of imported ginger and the purest of medicinal French brandy, SANFORD'S GINGER instantly relieves every summer ill, prevents indigestion, breaks up colds and chills, overcomes exhaustion, allays nervousness, promotes sleep, and wards off malarial, contagious and epidemic influences.

Beware of cheap, worthless, and often dangerous gingers, which are urged as substitutes. Ask for SANFORD'S GINGER, with Owl Trademark on the wrapper, and take no other.

Sanford's Ginger

Is sold by all druggists and grocers.

Potter Drug and Chem. Corp'n, Prop's, Boston. 8-9



Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight generally slip off the feet.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

make all their shoes with inside of heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

BAOR & CO., Boston, Exclusive Wholesale Agents.

At Retail by

C. H. BURDICK & CO.
T. M. NORMAN.
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CHOICE INVESTMENT!

I offer a limited amount of stock in an incorporated company located in Tacoma, Washington.

8 per ct. Dividends

Guaranteed on preferred stock.

Full information and prospectus upon application.

I recommend the above as a perfectly safe and reliable investment.

A. S. Sherman,

Merchants' Bank.

Farmers and Gardeners' ATTENTION

Having secured a large stock of

HENRY C. ANTHONY'S

Garden and Vegetable Seeds,

I would respectfully notify the public that this is the only place in Newport where these superior seeds can be obtained. All orders entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention. I would especially call the attention of the public to the superior and tested

ONION SEED AND SWEET CORN,

which are pronounced the best in the market.

A. A. BARKER,

Dealer in Groceries, Grain, Farming Utensils, etc.,

162 BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

The Great Composite Novel.

The Joint Work of P. T. BARNUM, JOHN L. SULLIVAN, BILL NYE, ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, Maj. ALFRED C. CALHOUN, HOWE & HUMMEL, INSPECTOR BYRNES, PAULINE HALL, Miss EASTLAKE, W. H. BALLOU, NELL NELSON and ALAN DALE.

II.—THE CUP THAT SLIPPED.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Illustrated by PHILIP G. CUSACHS.

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"I tell you, papa, I cannot endure his presence in this house. It was offensive enough to me at home, when he came but once or twice a day. It was still more so during our journey here, when I was forced to be in the same car with him; but now that you tell me he is to live under the same roof, sit at the same table and ride in the same carriage with us it becomes unbearable. My hatred of the man increases hourly. Why need you compel me to associate with him so closely, papa?"

The voice of the speaker was of that peculiar contralto quality which in a refined woman denotes passion and force of character, and in an ordinary one a coarse order of strength.

It is a voice which always makes men turn to listen, and which echoes longer adown the strings of memory than the most bird-like notes of more musical and higher keyed voices.

The face of the speaker betokened refinement, and this, together with her extreme youth and pronounced beauty, rendered the voice more remarkable.

The elderly man to whom the words were addressed breathed a deep sigh.

"My dear child, I beg you to be reasonable," he said gently. "You know how ill I have been—you know how alarming my condition seemed ever after"——

"Don't, papa," cried the young girl sharply. "Do you not suppose I remember as well as you the events which killed mamma, shattered your health and ruined my young life? Why recall them now?

"Have we not come away to forget them, if possible, or at least to live down the effects? But I do not see how it will help us to have that odious man under the same roof with us day and night. Let Dr. Ren"——

"Watson," interrupted the old gentleman quickly. "I tell you, child, we must not forget the new names we have resolved to use. Remember always that I am Mr. Crawford, you are Miss Crawford, your governess is Miss Brown and my physician is Dr. Watson. It is imperative that we use these names among ourselves as well as in the presence of strangers."

The young girl threw out her arms with an expression at once impatient and despairing.

"I hate subterfuge and deception in every form," she cried, "and I have never seen why this change of names—which was a suggestion of Dr. Watson, as you call him—is necessary. In a city like New York or London or Paris, where we are to pass our time of exile, we could easily sink our identity without living under false names."

"The greatest city in the world is not large enough to hide the identity of a disgraced name," responded the old man bitterly.

"Disgraced? Papa!" exclaimed the young girl in a tone of expostulation, but the old man waved his hand wearily.

"Enough," he said. "Enough of this, my dear. The past is past. Why discuss it? The present and the future remain.

"I desire to regain my health and brain power, that I may set about clearing our name from the dark stain which has fallen upon it. I do it more for your sake than my own, as at longest my stay on earth will be brief; but before I go I would lift this shadow from your young heart.

"Dr. Watson, as you well know, is the first of many physicians who gave me any relief from my suffering. He was the last one to be called by me, because, like yourself, I had conceived a most unreasonable prejudice against the man. Some foolish and idle gossip concerning his private life, which arose from pure envy, I am now convinced, had warped my judgment. But from the hour he first took hold of my case I have been a new man. I have been like one risen from the grave.

"It was he who discovered that old associations were affecting my mind dangerously. It was he who suggested a journey abroad, and, as you say, under assumed names. A disgraced name is like a deceased member of the body. If you have a wounded finger you are in constant fear of hurting it, awake or asleep. If you bear a stained name you dread the effect of it on every stranger you meet. Dr. Watson realized what this strain would be upon me during our journey, and I must confess the relief I find under my alias is marvelous. You know how I have improved. The chill with which I was attacked the morning of our arrival, and which decided us to remain here a few months before proceeding farther, is only a step down on the ladder of health since I began to clamber up out of the valley of death. Dr. Watson is my savior.

"I beg you to overcome your unreasonable prejudice against him, my dear child. Whatever the errors of his youth I am convinced he was more sinned against than sinning. He is your poor father's best friend now, and as such you must consider him."

"But why need he live here with us? Why can he not take a room a few blocks distant, within easy call?" persisted the young girl. "It destroys the privacy of our home life—and it destroys my peace of soul," she added wildly, "to have him here."

"That is the extravagant language of youth," rejoined the old man. "Your prejudice is unreasonable, but I will strive to keep Dr. Watson from annoying you with attentions which he intends only as courtesies to the daughter of his patient.

"He must remain under this roof. His presence is as agreeable and beneficial to me as it seems to be unpleasant to you. In this matter selfishness is the greatest unselfishness on my part, for the restoration of my health is the first consideration for your future happiness."

The sound of a key rattling in the lock, like a rat gnawing in the wainscot, put an end to further conversation, and the door swung open to admit a medium sized man in his middle thirties, whose glittering, sloe black eyes rested upon the face of the young lady while his words were addressed to her father.

The lips expressed kind consideration for the invalid, while the eyes expressed insolent and assured triumph in a fixed purpose.

While he talked with his patient he kept his gaze upon the girl's face.

She sought to avoid those glittering eyes, but they seemed to fill the room with strange light.

She took a bit of sewing in her hand and turned her back upon him, ostensibly to catch the receding rays of the afternoon sun from the northern window; but he spoke her name, and for some reason unaccountable to herself she turned toward him, drawn like the needle to the magnet.

"Papa, I feel the need of the air. I am going out with Miss—Miss Brown for a little walk," she said, rising abruptly.



"Papa, I feel the need of the air."

"I have ordered the carriage to be here in fifteen minutes. Wait and ride," said Dr. Watson.

"I prefer to walk," she answered coldly.

"And I wish you to ride," he said quietly.

Again her eyes were drawn to his and she sat down obediently.

As they took their places in the carriage Dr. Watson seated himself opposite Miss Crawford and by the side of her father.

The drive lasted two hours. It was dark when they returned, and Miss Brown was startled to hear her young mistress cry out wildly as the door of their room closed upon them, "I shall certainly, certainly go mad!" and then to see her fall in a dead swoon upon the floor.

After she was restored to consciousness and tucked into bed with Miss Brown to watch beside her, the old gentleman spoke confidentially to Dr. Watson.

"I think you will have to avoid showing any attention to my daughter for a time," he said, "as she has conceived some foolish prejudice against you. It is the whim of a mere child, and I trust you will regard it lightly, but I am convinced by her manner during the drive this afternoon, and by her swoon, that she is considerably excited over this matter.

"You have been very courteous and kindly attentive to her, as it is your nature to be, I am sure, toward all her sex. But I think it would be wise to take no further notice of her for some time to come—until she outgrows this whim of hers."

Dr. Watson leaned near the old gentleman and laid one hand on his shoulder, and spoke in a low, grave voice:

"My dear friend, I do not wish to alarm you," he said. "Yes, I have been studying your daughter's mental condition ever since I first entered your service. She has a most remarkably sensitive nervous organization, and it has been greatly shocked by events to which I need not refer. Unless she receives medical attention I fear for her.

"I beg you to leave her care entirely to me. Miss Brown understands her condition, and we have both wished to conceal the danger from you, but since you have spoken it is better that you know the facts. Ignore any whim the child may have; pacify her as best you may for the time being, and leave the result with me. You shall not regret it."

The old man pressed the doctor's hand and tears came to his eyes.

"Nor shall you ever regret your interest in me and mine," he said. "Thank God, I have money enough to pay you for this sacrifice of your whole time and skill in my service while I live, and you shall not be forgotten when I die."

The eyes of the doctor glowed like coals of fire as he bade his patient good night and stepped out into the hall.

At the door of her mistress's room Miss Brown stood waiting for him, fear in her eyes. He put his finger to his lip.

"Do not be alarmed," he whispered. "The swoon was nothing. It may occur again. Keep cool always, and remember our compact in the Wagner car, when you promised to aid me. You shall be well paid for it."

And he slipped a crisp bank note into her willing hand. She bowed her head.

"To-night, at 1 o'clock," he continued, "if your young mistress takes her violin and plays an air from 'Faust,' do not speak to her or disturb her. Let her follow her own will. It may not happen, and yet such an event is liable to occur."

He passed on to his room, and Miss Brown entered the apartment which she occupied with her young mistress, who was now sunk in a profound slumber.

An hour and a half after midnight the sweet strains of a violin breathing an air from "Faust" floated through the apartment house.

A woman who lived across the hall heard it, and remarked to her husband that if ever a set of cranks lived on earth it was the people opposite.

Dr. Watson heard the music and laughed softly in his room, while his eyes glowed like coals of fire.

Miss Brown both saw the player and heard her music and muttered with pale lips, "Is he man or devil?"

* * * * * *

Just a month later, a man who had been sitting in Chickering hall watching the exhibition of Professor Oscar Feldman, the hypnotist and mind reader, rose and walked out before the close of the entertainment.

A young man sitting near the aisle glanced up at him, slightly annoyed at the disturbance caused by his exit.

"I have seen that face before," he thought, as the man passed on.

The exhibition grew in interest and the young man turned his attention to the stage; but the face of the person who had just gone out danced before him in irritating suggestiveness, just eluding the grasp of his tantalized memory.

"Where did I see him before?" he thought, and then, like a mirage, the scene reflected in the mirror of the Wagner drawing room car two months previous flashed before the mind's eye of Harry Henshall.

He arose and dashed out of the hall.

In the crowds of people hurrying to and fro in every direction it was impossible to tell whither the man had gone.

He hailed a cab, hurried to his studio, made a careful sketch of the face he had just seen, and carried it to the private detective who was renowned for his skill.

"This man I saw go out of Chickering hall half an hour ago," he said. "Find his address for me and I will pay your price."

It was a few days over a month later when he received a telegram in Boston, whither he had gone the day previous, which said:

"Have found name and number. Come home."

"I saw the original of this sketch day before yesterday, driving in a carriage," explained the detective on Henshall's arrival. "I followed and saw him enter No. 3— West Thirty-eighth street. I then followed the driver to the stables, and learned that the carriage had been rented some three months before by a family named Crawford, of the number and street I mentioned."

When Mr. Henry Henshall presented himself before the janitor of No. 3— West Thirty-eighth street to make inquiries concerning a family named Crawford, he was informed that they took their departure early that morning and left no address.

"They leased these furnished apartments for three months," the janitor explained, "and the time would not expire until next week some time, but they left today."

"Perhaps they gave their address to some of the other occupants of the building," suggested Mr. Henshall. "May I inquire?"

But the inquiries elicited nothing from the other people in the house.

No one had ever exchanged a word with the family. The woman opposite volunteered the opinion that they were a set of cranks, and no better than they ought to be, in her opinion.

"A rich old man, a queer woman, a fellow with an evil eye and a crazy girl who played the fiddle at 2 o'clock at night were not pleasant sort of folks to live opposite," she said, and she was glad enough they had gone, and she had no desire to know where they were.

With these words she slammed the door in Mr. Henshall's eager face.

That evening a woman whose garments bore the same relation to past elegance that her face bore to past beauty called on the janitor of No. 3—— West Thirty-eighth street to make inquiries concerning a man by the name of Dr. Henshaw.

"No such man livin' here, miss," replied the janitor, with that air of importance peculiar to the freedom of one who feels the newness and greatness of responsible duties. "The only doctor ever bin roun' yeah in my day is Dr. Watson, and he's dun gone today."

"Did he go alone?" asked the lady quickly.

"No, the whole family dun gone, too—Mister Crawford, Miss Crawford and Miss Brown."

A steel blue light flashed from the once beautiful eyes of the faded blonde.

"And he left no address?" she asked quietly.

"Not any, miss. Gen'm here today lookin' for the same parties, but nobody knows nothin' about them."

The lady turned and walked away.

"Very well, Dr. Watson," she muttered under her breath, "I shall know who to search for now, and if you are on this earth my vengeance will yet find you."

CHAPTER I.—By W. H. Ballou.—Henry Henshall, a young artist, while travelling in a parlor car, mentally sketches the personnel of his ideal wife. To his astonishment he sees his ideal reflected in the mirror, she being one of a party of four, consisting of an old man, presumably her father, a governess and a man of villainous countenance. He makes a sketch of the party. During the night the girl plays entrancingly on her violin. He determines to make her acquaintance, but upon rising in the morning he finds that the train has been in the Grand Central depot some hours, and that the party of four has disappeared.

(To be continued.)

Beware of Ointments of Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

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It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe that they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O. 11-16-1y

Learn a secret of health, in the "Improved M. D." advertisement in another column.

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Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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Call and see our $35 double team harness, which is positively the best bargain in this market. Also a SPECIAL bargain in single harness with collar or breast plate. Special sale of

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Fine assortmen at greatly reduced prices.

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Custom Department.

We have received our new

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—FROM—

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Of Boston and are already taking orders for goods made to order. We did a very large business in this department in the spring and expect to add to it largely this fall. "Once a customer always a customer" is the best proof of the satisfaction we give our patrons. Come early and secure first choice.

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HERBERT J. WELLS, President.
SAMUEL R. DORRANCE, Vice President.
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John F. Desmond of Fitchburg, 28 years old, was drowned at Whalon Pond on Saturday by the unsetting of a boat. He was an expert swimmer but lost his life in attempting to save a companion.

Farm and Family

Farm Experiences.

One of the professors in the Missouri Agricultural College, in the pursuit of science and useful knowledge, labors to the extent of a column of print in an effort to show that "milk cow" is bad language and incorrect English. He strives to show that such a cow must be made of milk, and that milch cow should be used, as being strictly correct. If a milk cow is to be considered as a cow made of milk, then a saddle horse must be made of saddle, a cart horse or a road horse similarly made; and so a short or long wool sheep must be made of wool, and a butter cow consist of butter; a milkman, too, would also be composed of milk, and a cotton or silk factory of cotton or silk. The professor is clearly hunting mares' nests when he undertakes to dispute the common usage of this term, so well understood by all concerned.

The necessity of salt to animals is absolute; it is an agent of digestion, and the natural instinct for it is akin to the desire for food. All owners of stock should attend to this necessity. A number of mule and horse colts of mine in a distant pasture lot will break out in some manner at intervals of a few days, and come home for salt if this is not kept constantly in readiness for them in the pasture. These animals came home recently so hungry for salt that they consumed half a pint each and then wanted more. A week's abstinence seemed to starve them for it. Salt is even more necessary when animals are on fresh pasture, in which the proportion of salt is less than at any other stage of growth.

The appetite of horses for fresh-laid eggs is another instinct. Colts have a liking for these delicacies, and many a housewife finds her supply short by reason of the spoliation of the hens' nests made in horses' mangers, to which the fowls go to pick up the scattered grain, and where they find quiet and retired nesting places in the undisturbed refuse of the hay rack.

Another instinct, but more remarkable, is mentioned by a New Jersey farmer as appertaining to a goose. It was a tame one, and had learned to tap at the kitchen door for scraps of food. One day the door was left open, and the goose entered the house unobserved and picked up a Waterbury watch with a chain attached to it which had been left on a chair, and carried it to her nest, in which other small articles, as scraps of cloth and some lace, had been turned to use to adorn the maternal couch. Evidently this goose was not the common, foolish kind, and wished to incubate with strict regard to time, without working overtime.

Another farmer has invented an unusual but not cruel manner of getting feathers from his geese without the objectionable practice of plucking. He shears them and finds the absence of quills an improvement in the old method.

The presence of sorrel in meadows is a loss and a nuisance, as it greatly checks the growth of grass and clover where it abounds. Last year I mowed one of my grass fields, in which the sorrel had appeared in abundance, late in May when it was about to bloom. The aftergrowth came on very quickly and covered the sorrel. At the present time the sorrel is much reduced in quantity, but I have mowed the field, and removed the herbage for feeding to the cows. I hope to get rid of the sorrel in time in this way. The hay crop is a little later in consequence of the cutting, but the yield is certainly improved. I have not found any way to get rid of sorrel by fertilizing; manure helps it as much as the grass, and even lime increases its growth. Where lime has been left in heaps for spreading the sorrel is more abundant than elsewhere clearly showing that this acid plant is not encouraged by acid in the soil and is not discouraged by alkali. Sorrel is easily killed by salt which does not injure the grass, but on the contrary helps it.

Agricultural Notes and Hints.

A squealing pig never grows fat.

Keep cutting thistles and bushes.

Don't neglect the kitchen garden.

Choice fruits bring "cash money."

Begin to get rid of your poor stock and to prepare for winter.

Make agriculture scientific and fashionable and the boys will like it.

Lay shingles a quarter to half an inch apart, if you want them to last well.

In laying drain tiles, put them below frost line and grade as evenly as possible.

A dry airy place is the best one in which to spread potatoes until cold weather sets in.

Oats are said to be in the best condition for feeding when straw and grain are fed together.

It is easy to overheat a working team on a hot, still, muggy day. Take care of your beast.

Pasture often obliges cows to drink impure water, and this injures both the cow and butter.

If the ground where a crop is growing gets baked, break it, if possible, with cultivator and hoe.

If fowls have plenty of ashes or dust to wallow in, they will dispose of the lice and keep them off.

In building barns and stables do provide for good ventilation. Pure air is as necessary as good food.

Household Hints.

If you wish your floor mattings to look as fresh and bright at the close of the summer as when they were laid in the spring, see that they are carefully wiped off after each sweeping with a soft cloth, wrung out of salt and water.

It is well to know that wood lye is an antidote to poison ivy. Boil wood ashes in a bag a few moments. Dilute so that it will not be too harsh, yet leave it quite strong. Paint with it the afflicted parts, and in ten minutes wash off with soft, tepid water and annoint with vaseline. Repeat till a cure is effected.

An old French recipe for removing grease spots in silk is as follows: Two ounces of spirits of wine, add one ounce of French chalk and one ounce of pipe clay, both finely powdered. Make the paste into balls and let it dry. Apply it by rubbing it slightly moistened, on the spot of grease. When it is dry, brush it off, and if the grease is not entirely gone repeat the process.

A pie or custard will not burn if in the oven with a dish of water.

A gallon of lye put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.

Shrunken, half-worn bed blankets or comforts, past using on a bed, make good pads to put under a stair carpet.

Raisins may be easily stoned by pouring boiling water over them and letting them stand for five or ten minutes. Drain, then rub each raisin between the thumb and finger till the seeds come out clean.

Sometimes the lampwick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

Marble discolored by smoke can be cleaned by benzine liberally applied, and rubbed off with a clean flannel. If not then quite clean, apply a second time. Soap takes the polish from marble. Polish with linen cloths. To take iron stains from marble, use an equal quantity of fresh spirits of vitriol and lemon juice shaken together in a bottle. Wet the spots, and in a few minutes rub with soft linen, and the spots will disappear.

Recipes for the Table.

CREOLE PUDDING.—Beat eight eggs with half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter and the juice of one lemon. Line a deep dish with puff paste, cover with quince preserves, pour over a little of the mixture, lay on more preserves, then more of the mixture and preserves. Bake and eat with sauce.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, beat two minutes, add one and one-half cups of sugar, beat five minutes, add one cup of flour, beat one minute, add one cup of flour, containing one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and beat one minute.

WHEAT BREAD.—Sift two quarts of flour and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt; stir up to a soft dough, with cold sweet milk or water; knead but little, mold and bake immediately. This bread is easily digested.

FLOUR DUMPLINGS.—One-half cup of sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; mix stiff enough to form in cakes with the hands. This makes about seven. Drop in the kettle where chicken or meat is boiling (do not let them sink beneath the water), cover tight and cook fifteen or twenty minutes.

CRULLERS.—One cupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, rubbed well into the flour, two eggs beaten into the sugar and butter, one cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed into a cupful of flour. Add a little salt, unless the butter is very salt. Flavor with 1½ teaspoonfuls of lemon extract. Mix very soft.

A NICE DESSERT.—No more wholesome dessert can be made than "popovers," if they are light and well baked, and it is one that is almost universally liked. A good proportion for these is four eggs, two cups of milk, two cups of flour and salt. They should be baked in small earthenware cups, which are sold for the purpose, and the oven must be of moderate temperature.

BAKED OMELET.—Five eggs, half-cup milk, quarter-cup fine bread crumbs, tablespoonful melted butter; pepper and salt to taste. Soak the crumbs in the milk ten minutes; beat the eggs very light the whites and yolks separately; stir the soaked crumbs, the milk, the butter and seasoning into the yolks and mix the whites in lightly. Pour into a well-greased pudding dish, and bake in a quick oven.

SCOTCH PUDDING.—One quart of stale bread crumbs, grated, and seasoned with salt, pepper and powdered sage. Add one pint of minced boiled mutton, one well-beaten egg, one chopped onion and one pint of mutton broth. Bake in a hot oven until firm and browned upon the top. When cold, slice in thin slices. Beef or chicken soup may be used instead of the mutton, but the Scotch receipt calls for mutton.

PEACH PUDDING.—A peach pudding made of fresh or canned fruit is delicious. For this is required about two-thirds of a can of fruit, and dough made as directed. Put the peaches with a little of the juice in a round tin mold; a cake mold, if not too large, will do. Drop the dough over the top in spoonfuls, and set in a steamer over a kettle of fast-boiling water. Cover closely, and cook one hour. This should turn out without breaking, when the peaches will be on top. Serve with sauce made of a scant half-cup of butter rubbed to a cream, one cup of powdered sugar and the yolk of one egg beaten very light, and a quarter of a cup of wine stirred in at the last. This sauce should be soft, but not liquid. If wine is not liked, the whole egg may be used and any flavoring preferred.

BIRDNEST PUDDING.—Core and peel enough tart, well-flavored apples to cover the bottom of a round porcelain pudding dish. Put about half an inch of boiling water in the dish with the apples. Cover them with a plate and set them in a hot oven to cook for twenty minutes. At the end of this time the apples should be tender and nearly cooked and the water entirely absorbed. If any water remains it should be gently turned off, but so as not to break the apples. Prepare an unsweetened custard of five eggs and a quart of milk which has been brought to the boiling point. Add the eggs to the hot milk, carefully beating them in. Season the mixture with a saltspoonful of salt, and pour it over the apples. It should cover them. Replace the pudding dish in the oven without a cover, and bake the custard and apples till the custard is firm in the centre. The oven should not be too hot.

Household Fancy Work.

BATHING MITTEN.

Use knitting cotton No. 12, four steel knitting needles. Cast up 72 stitches, 24 stitches on each of three needles. Knit 2 plain, then knit 22 rounds of 2 plain and 2 seam. This forms a wrist. *Seam two rounds, knit 7 plain rounds, seam two rounds, knit 1 plain round. Next round, put thread over and knit 2 stitches together. Knit one plain round. Repeat these last two rounds twice. This gives you 3 rows of holes: repeat from star. Then repeat from star again. Seam 2 rounds, knit 7 plain rounds, seam 2 rounds, knit 3 rows of holes, as before; knit 1 plain round, seam 2 rounds, narrow off like a stocking or mitten.

SPECTACLE-CASE.

A dainty spectacle-case, suitable for young or old, may be made at a very small cost.

Get three-quarters of a yard of ribbon 3½ inches wide. Fringe one end about an inch, then fold a tuck two inches deep, so that the edge will just meet the fringed part. Overcast very neatly the three edges of the ribbon together, on either side of the plait forming the pocket, leaving the folded edge and the top of the tuck free, so that it forms a pocket. Now make another one just above this, leaving a space of about an inch between the two. Cut two pieces of bolting cloth the size of the pockets, and on one paint an owl's head, in the shades of golden brown, and on the other a pair of spectacle frames in gold. Baste these on the pockets, the owl's head on the top pocket, finish the edges with bronze and gold tinsel cord.—Ladies Home Journal.

HASSOCK COVER.

This piazza hassock or cushion now in general use is 13½ inches square, with rounded corners.

The top is knitted in four sections joined together with a knitted cord, and the sides are formed by a long strip, seven inches in width and of the length of the four sections at the top; to which it is joined by the same colored cord and in the same manner.

Three colors of germantown wool, bright scarlet, golden brown and light green (one ounce of each,) with a pair of No. 14 bone needles, are the materials for the work.

The scarlet wool is for the corners of the cushion, and these are worked in blocks or squares, while the centre is formed of a green and brown ribbed square, crossed from each corner by the cord of green, dividing the sections, with the scarlet wool for the corner; cast on nine stitches.

1st row—Knit 3, purl 3, knit 3.

2d row—Purl 1, increase the next stitch by purling and knitting it; the increasing throughout the work is all done in this way.

3d row—Knit 1, knit and purl next stitch for increase, knit 2, purl 3, knit 2, knit and purl 1.

4th row—Knit 1, knit and purl 1, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit and purl 1, knit 1.

5th row—Knit 1, purl and knit 1, knit 1, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 1, knit and purl 1, knit 1.

6th row—Knit 1, knit and purl 1, purl 2, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 2, purl and knit 1, knit 1.

7th row—Purl 1, purl and knit 1, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 1, purl and knit 1, knit 1.

8th row—Knit 1, knit and purl 1, knit 1, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 1, purl and knit 1, knit 1.

9th row—Knit 1, knit and purl 1, knit 2, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 2, knit and purl 1, knit 1.

10th row—Knit 1, knit and purl 1, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, purl and knit 1, knit 1.

11th row—Purl 1, purl and knit 1, purl 1, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 1, purl and knit 1, purl 1.

12th row—Purl 1, purl and knit 1, knit 2, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 3, purl 3, knit 2, purl and knit 1, purl 1.

Continue these rows of squares, widening or increasing only at the beginning of the needle, until eight more rows of squares are knitted; then the section has attained its widest part and the decreasing begins; join on the brown wool and knit plain across for the first row.

2d row—Narrow, then knit plain to end of row.

3d row—Purl 1, purl 2 together, then purl to end of row.

4th row—Knit 1, narrow, knit plain to end of row; now join on the green wool and knit one row plain; purl the next; knit the third and purl the fourth row, decreasing at the beginning of these four rows or at the end of the needle; this forms a plain stripe.

Now join on the brown wool again and make a rib as before; then the green stripe, and keep up this rotation until the section is narrowed to a point.

Make three more sections in the same manner, then join the four sections together with a green cord: thus for the cord: Cast on 5 stitches, knit plain back and forth until long enough, then double it evenly together and sew it in with the sections, being careful in bringing the ribs exactly opposite to form a continuous line around the cushion.

For the side strip: Cast on fifty-five stitches with the scarlet wool, and knit in ribs two inches in length; join on the brown wool and rib one inch and a half; join on green for three-quarters of an inch. Join scarlet, and repeat in the same order until a sufficient length is knitted to reach around the four sides of the cushion: then join it to the top, inserting the green cord.

Make the hassock or cushion of ticking or stout brown linen the exact size of the knitted cover, and stuff the brown linen tightly with curled hair; then slip on the cover, sew it firmly around the bottom and secure the top edge all around by invisible stitches; then sew a button of scarlet in the centre with an upholsterer's needle, and the cushion is finished.

The Fourth Finger.

It is a generally known fact that the fourth or ring finger of the human hand is not on a par with the other fingers, it being the weakest, the least flexible and the most rebellious in action. Scientific men explain the feebleness by the theory that the lateral tendons joining the ring finger to the others composing the hand in a measure paralyze its movements. To the majority of people it matters little that one of the fingers should be inferior to the rest in strength; as a scientific oddity, however, it is worthy of note; to the pianist or the player of stringed instruments it is a source of considerable inconvenience. As art can in the present day remedy most defects which incommode us, a medical man has thought that something could be done to free the ring finger. He informs those interested in the matter that if they wish to have a strong, flexible fourth finger they have to submit to a surgical operation, that consists in dividing the tendons of the hand. The operation, which is very simple, scarcely deserving of the name, has recently been performed on several New York, Boston and Brooklyn pianists.

A Westerner's Idea of Harvard.

An amusing bit of a story comes from Harvard, says Arlo Bates in the Book Buyer, and is vouched for as genuine. A western business man, who had all his life heard of the university, and now that he had won money and leisure wished to see it for himself, recently went to Cambridge to visit it. He found one of the Faculty who was willing to show him about, and together they "did" the institution with considerable thoroughness. The visitor was much interested in what he saw, and asked a good many questions about the number of students, the terms of admission, and especially about the expenses. When he had seen all that there was time to show him and all his other questions had been answered, he put the query, which from the air it was evident he considered of great importance, and which showed how impossible it was for him to conceive of any great enterprise otherwise than as a scheme for making money. "I'm greatly obliged to you, Professor," he said, "and there's just one thing more I'd like to ask you. Who gets the profits of this concern?"

Boils, pimples, and skin diseases of all kind speedily disappear when the blood is purified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal as a tonic alterative, the results being immediate and satisfactory. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Freddy's Composition.

The doctor said we needed exercise. Doctor knows.

He told us to join a base ball club. We joined.

Bought a book of instructions and studied it wisely if not too well. Then we bought a sugar scoop cap, a green shirt, yellow trousers, black stockings, a pair of professional shoes, a paper collar and a purple necktie, and with a lot of other delegates moved gently to the field.

There are two nines.

These nines are the antagonists.

The ball is a pretty little drop of softness about the size of a goose egg, and about five degrees harder than a rock.

The two nines play against each other.

It is a quiet game, much like chess, only a little more chase than chess.

Then there is an umpire; his position is a hard one. He sits on a box and yells "Foul." His duty is severe.

I took the bat; it is a murderous plaything; it descended from Pocahontas to the head of John Smith.

The man in front of me was the pitcher. He was a nice pitcher and he sent the balls in swift.

The man behind me was the catcher. He caught it, too.

The umpire said "play."

It is the most radical game, this base ball.

The pitcher sent one toward me; it looked pretty coming, so I let it come. Then he sent another. I hit it with the club and sent it gently upward; then I started to walk to first base; the ball hit the pitcher's hands and somebody said he had caught a fly.

I walked leisurely toward the base. Another man took the bat.

I looked to see if he was successful in striking the ball, when a mule kicked me in the cheek.

The man said it was the ball.

I felt like a mule and I reposed on the grass.

The ball went on.

Pretty soon there were two or three more flies, and we nine flew out.

This was better.

Just as I was standing on my dignity in the left field the ball came flying toward me. My captain yelled "Take it." I moved quickly forward. I have a good eye at measuring distances, and I saw at a glance where the little aerolite was to strike.

I put up my hands. How sweetly that ball descended. I felt something in my eye. "Muffin," yelled ninety fellows.

Muffin be blowed; it's a cannon ball. For the past week I've had a raw beef on that eye and yet it paineth.

Then I wanted to go home, but my gentle captain said nay, so I nayed and stayed.

After a while our nine came in. I noticed when I took the bat everyone moved off about ten rods.

On came the ball. I struck it squarely, and, flying over the right field toward a house, it struck, breaking a pane of glass and a kerosene lamp, and square up against the head of an infant, that was quietly sleeping in its mother's arms. I threw the bat and started for the first base; I had got about half way when I heard high words, and, turning around, I found I had broken the jaw of the umpire and was fined ten cents.

The game went on; I liked it.

It is such fun to run to the base just in time to be put out, or to chase the ball a quarter of a mile down hill.

At last it came my turn to bat again. The pitcher sent them in swift. Swift balls in time of war are good, but I do not like them too swift for fun.

After a while I got a fair clip at it, and you bet it went, cutting the daisies in the right field.

A fat man and a dog sat under a tree enjoying the game.

The ball broke one leg of the dog and landed like a runaway engine in the corporosity of the fat man.

He was taken home to die.

Then I went on a double-quick to the field, and tried to stop a swift ball. It come toward me at the rate of nine miles a minute. I put up my hands; the ball went singing on its way, with all the skin of my palms with it.

I have played five games and this is the result:

$27 paid out for things; one bunged eye—badly bunged; one broken little finger; one bump on the head; nineteen lame backs; a sore jaw; one thumb dislocated; three sprained ankles; one dislocated shoulder from trying to throw the ball a thousand yards; two hands raw from trying to stop swift balls; a nose sweetly jammed, and five uniforms spoiled from rolling in the dust to the bases.

I have played five weeks and have used up five bottles of lotion, and my arms feel like broken bats, and my legs like the limbs of a dead horse chestnut.—[F. D. H. in Yarmouth Register.

Industry.

Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a brier or thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

The fairest faces are those which we have never too closely scanned.

Does your Cake Dry up Quickly?

If so, your baking powder is adulterated with ammonia or alum. Ingredients which are injurious to health and are used by unscrupulous manufacturers simply to lessen the cost of the powder and increase their profits.

Housekeepers who use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder know that food raised with this pure cream of tartar powder keeps moist and sweet, and is palatable and wholesome.

"Cleveland's Superior" has the peculiar property, possessed by no other baking powder, of producing light, wholesome bread, biscuit, cake, etc., that *retain* their natural moisture and sweetness. This desirable quality, in a baking powder shown by the Official Reports, to be the strongest of all pure cream of tartar powders, makes Cleveland's Superior "Absolutely the Best."

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The undersigned still continues the

HOUSE PAINTING BUSINESS,

and will be glad to have his friends' and the public patronage. Especially will he appreciate

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All parties who owe me if they will now come up and settle, will be doing me a very great favor, as I have waited a long time in many cases, and to very great disadvantage.

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The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE,

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise, and use the great Blood Purifier.

SULPHUR BITTERS. Why suffer with Boils? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain with Rheumatism? Why rave with that terrible Headache? What makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or Poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations, which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses SULPHUR BITTERS.

The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied.

Get it of your Druggist.

Don't Wait. Get it at Once!

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Makes an intense fire,
Especially good for open grates.
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New Patterns, 10c. a roll.

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Furniture of all Descriptions, Carpets, Oil Cloths and Mattings.

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ave it made at your own price, upon a guarantee of being perfectly satisfactory.

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Have a nice line of

Polished Top Tables from $1.50 up.

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We are daily receiving new carpets and wall papers and are prepared to show a fine line of

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Prices as low as Anywhere.

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A Large Stock to Select from.

FINE STATIONERY,

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The popular and reliable Clothiers, again present for inspection a stock of

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LOWEST PRICES.

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Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats a specialty.

Liveries of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

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JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

Fall Clothing!

Daily receiving the

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—IN—

MEN'S,

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—AND—

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A full line of Fall Style

HATS

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218 & 220 Thames-st.

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8-30

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A large stock of

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Consisting of

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JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

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Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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W. F. Spingler

HAS AT HIS STORE,

No. 146 BELLEVUE AVENUE,

A Fine assortment of

Artistic Wall Papers

In the latest coloring from 20c. per roll.

Also, English Muslin for Curtains,

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A large assortment of

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Furniture Coverings and Curtains.

I would be pleased to have you call and examine my goods and prices.

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FOR THE SUMMER SEASON

1890.

I have now in stock and am receiving daily all the new and latest patterns of Carriages in the market. These goods for quality and finish cannot be beaten, and the prices are such that they are within the reach of all. I should be pleased to show these goods to anyone wishing a first class job in any kind of vehicle, either for business or pleasure.

Look at our List.

BUCKBOARDS In natural wood, Triple and Single.

Dog Carts & Pony Carts In natural wood for 2 or 4 persons.

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2-seat Wagons In natural wood and painted.

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Express Wagons New and 2d-hand, at prices that will suit anyone who wants a wagon.

All the above goods must be sold to make room for new arrivals at

Lawton's Carriage Repository,

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Horses! Horses!

Always on hand and ready to sell or to let for season or single drive. Also livery teams of all kinds, single or double, by the month or for single drive.

Lawton's Stables.

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TRY THEM!

California Prunes,

EVAPORATED

Apricots and Peaches.

—ALSO—

Fancy Evaporated Apples

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SWEET CIDER.

—FOR SALE BY—

SAYER BROS.,

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Christmas Goods.

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DEC. 9.

Fine Imported Chocolate and other Confectionery from Mr. Frank Sobrick, supplier to the Imperial Court of Germany.

—ALSO—

Imported French and German Baskets

of the finest patterns are to be sold at very low prices at

S. Koschny's,

230 & 232 Thames St.

Woman's Dep't.

Address of Rev. H. A. Cleveland.

The following able address was given by the Rev. H. A. Cleveland, at a recent meeting in Indianapolis:

The admission of the American woman to the prerogatives of the ballot, and as a consequence her occasional elevation to office, certainly would not render the political condition of the country any worse than it now is, while undoubtedly it would make our political life much more interesting, and would tend greatly to improve our politicians and also their methods and manners. The coming of women practically into the arena of our politics would bring to it the healthy influence of a higher idealism, and make a purer morality operative there. The presence of our American women at the caucus, and at the voting stations of the country on election days, would work the regeneration of the nation's heart, and the reconstruction of all our political procedures.

I want that our women should stand side by side with our men, and be their equals in every privilege and honor, ecclesiastical and political. They are entitled to this by the charter of nature, by the nobility of their powers, and by the splendor of their achievements. Always they have adequately filled up the measure of their opportunity. There are good reasons for believing that they would make a better use of the ballot than men have made of it, and there is no reason for believing that they would make a worse use of it. The victories they are achieving and the prizes they are winning in literature and mathematics at Harvard, at Cambridge, England, and at Paris, furnish now proof, if this were needed, of their ability to master the most difficult of political problems, and to pass intelligent judgment upon all questions that may come into political debate.

There can be no rational objection to the enfranchisement of our American women that does not apply with equal force against the enfranchisement of our men. If it be said that "not all women should vote, and not all should hold office," the same is to be said of men. Men themselves have so recently come to the art of voting that, like boys with a new toy, they are jealous of sharing its privilege and power with persons who are as skilful as themselves, and who live with them in the same houses. We let Poland, and Germany, and Ireland, and Africa vote, and we tax the property of women as we do that of men; why is it that we withhold the ballot from our own sisters, whose rights and abilities we acknowledge are as great as are our own? It is only because the tribal vanities and prejudices of our pagan and savage state still survive in us.

I do not object to woman's voting, but earnestly advocate it. For thirty years I have advocated it. The most efficient teacher of my early days was a woman. For thirty years I have been ruled with diligence by one woman, and always to my great advantage. The barbarian sentiment, by whatever chivalric language expressed, that regards woman only as the plaything and slave of man, I scorn and with indignation resent. And the cooking argument is a not much better argument. Doubtless a woman does a good thing who learns how to become a good cook. Perhaps Abraham Lincoln might have become a good cook and earned large wages. But what a loss that would have been to the nation and to the world! This talk which we sometimes hear, that woman's sphere is in the kitchen, and her prime relation is to the cook-stove, is not the talk of reason, but of men whose controlling logic proceeds from their appetites and passions. When women themselves indulge in such talk, it is usually in their weary moments when a culinary life seems to them easier than an intellectual one. When the tribal chieftain comes back victoriously to his tent door, tired, hungry, and animally selfish, and loudly proclaims that woman's sphere is entirely domestic, and that only in that is she queenly, his utterance is wholly unenlightened, stomachic and barbarian.

The test of a nation's culture, as of its Christian virtue, is the place it accords to woman. The logical outcome of our girls' schools and of woman's literary clubs is just such meetings as the one you have called in the interest of woman's suffrage in the new State of Dakota. Our times are marked by "the new attitude of woman." Everywhere increasing enlightenment is extending the ballot. Let us do what we can to make the ballot in our own country the expression of mind, of the American mind, of man's and of woman's. The time will come when our girls will be less attracted by foreign titles than influenced by American patriotism. Our women do not enough interest themselves in politics. When they have the ballot, they will become more thoughtfully and earnestly patriotic. Their enfranchisement is inevitable. It is the dictate of justice and of political prudence. The event is transpiring. When it is accomplished, as it surely will be, I do not wish to be seen crawling out of some fence-corner and trying to make my neighbors believe that I have always been in favor of it.

Police Matrons.

It is a shame to the city that the police board should hesitate in appointing matrons at the police stations. We believe that it is owing to Gov. Hill that the law authorizing the appointments was made permissive instead of mandatory. But it is hard to understand what good reason could have influenced the executive judgment to such a conclusion. Mrs. Lowell, late State commissioner of charities, has recently written to the board of police, referring to the appeal made to them by a body of most estimable women some months since to make the appointment—an appeal based upon the ground that common decency demanded that drunken and degraded women should be removed from the sight and hearing of the men and boys who are held at the station-houses.

That consideration alone was enough but experience has revealed another reason which is even more powerful. As Mrs. Lowell now says: "Within two months, however, one of your officers has pleaded guilty and been sentenced to imprisonment for attempted assault on a girl of fifteen while under the protection of your board in one of your station-houses." She adds that, as the board has had for two years the power to protect such girls by placing them under the care of matrons, it is not unjust to hold it responsible for the fearful wrong done to this young girl, as well as for the ruin of the life of the officer who was placed in a position of temptation.

Nothing can deepen the force of such an argument. The most innocent women, from sudden illness or other causes, may be at any moment brought to the station-houses. Humanity, civilization, common decency, demand that they shall not needlessly be exposed to frightful outrage; nor less do they require that the same protection shall be extended to other women, however degraded, in order that the station-houses shall not become, in ways which are entirely unfamiliar, dens and schools of vice.—Harper's Weekly.

The Cruiser "Philadelphia's" Clock.

The new cruiser Philadelphia has a very handsome clock, which was presented to it by the citizens of the city from which the fine boat takes her name. The elegant craft was still on the stocks in the Cramps' yard when the question of bestowing a christening gift upon her was suggested. Mayor Fitler called a meeting in his office of some of the solid men of the City of Brotherly Love, and a committee was appointed to deal with the matter. Of this the Mayor was chairman; Robert M. McWade secretary, and Drexel & Co. treasurers. At the same meeting a sub-committee was appointed, with Robert M. McWade chairman, and to it was referred the matter of considering what form the city's gift to the cruiser should take. There was considerable variety in the things proposed, and a divergence which extended from a service of plate to an anchor. One suggestion met with much favor. It was that of giving a well-stocked library. Mr. Abel, of Baltimore, had presented one to the sister cruiser of the Philadelphia, the Baltimore. But it was discovered that there was no room on the boat for such a purpose.

It was finally decided to give a splendid clock, and this idea has been carried out. The commission was given to Messrs. Bailey, Banks and Biddle to construct a timepiece worthy of its destination and of the municipal donors. They have executed this order in the most satisfactory manner. Four hundred pounds of clock, three feet in height and about the same in breadth, which cost the good men of Philadelphia town $1000, tell of that city's grateful appreciation of the honor conferred upon her. The design and workmanship have been entirely Philadelphian. It is composed of gold, silver and bronze. The design embraces the coat of arms of Philadelphia, and the motto "Philadelphia Maneto" inscribed on a scroll placed below the dial. The face of the clock is of silver, the artistically formed numerals being in gold. In the centre of the dial are the city arms, wrought in relief, and enclosed within a scroll of elegant workmanship. Above the dial is a magnificent eagle, and on each side of it is a graceful female figure in flowing draperies. One of these figures has a scroll in her hand, while the other bears a cornucopia. The eagle and the women were copied from models. They are in gilt bronze, which offers a rich and pleasing contrast to the darker bronze employed in the rest of the work.

Below the clock is a shield bearing an inscription which sets forth the city of Philadelphia as the donor of the handsome gift. Two American flags project on either side, and a cable forms a square around the clock. Fouled anchors are held in loops of this cable at the upper corners, while a flowing sea is below the feet of the women. The works of the clock are fully worthy of the handsome casing which art has devised for them. The movement is a nautical one. It is constructed with a balance-wheel on the principle of a watch, so that tossing and pitching will not affect the movement. The escapement is a demi-chronometer, highly finished, and jewelled in all its principal parts. The movement is also adjusted to heat and cold and position.

One of the most distinctive features of the clock is that it does not strike the hours after the fashion of a landlubber of a clock. When it is twelve o'clock "eight bells" are chimed out, and so with all the hours. They are given in bells. The hour-hand is free of the minute-hand in regulating the clock, so that it can be turned an hour forward or backward without disturbing its companion hand. For seven months workmen were engaged in constructing this beautiful clock, and the result is something which Philadelphians may regard with complacency.—[John J. A'Becket, in Harper's Weekly.

Girls in the Silk-Mills.

Of all the girls who work in factories, the young woman of the silk-mill is the brightest looking, the best clad, and usually the prettiest. You could scarcely believe, if you saw her in the street after the day is done, or on Sunday or a holiday, that she has stood all the long day on her feet, plying her hands, her thought, her eye, and her ear being unceasingly on the alert. She is smartly and genteelly dressed. She has a jaunty, bright air, her laughter is a ripple, and the demure consciousness in her roguish eye tells you that she knows it all.

She can well afford to dress herself well, for if she be quick and capable her average weekly earning will not fall below $9. An experienced girl, with quick hands, and in whose skill the employer can place confidence, will make from $14 to $18 per week.

And mercy me! all the silent wooing, the mute language of eyes, that must go on among these looms; and this is attested by the many couples that are constantly being wedded from these Paterson mills. I saw all the process of fabric-making among the machinery. There was scarcely a loom in any factory that I entered but had a banged forehead and a pair of bright eyes behind it; a casual glance would impress you that she thought of naught else in this world but her reels, her threads, her shuttles or her loom; but a figure passes in between the humming machinery, and she does not miss seeing him too.

She will come to work demurely in the morning as a young nun, and she will trip out at lunch without a word, going, perhaps, arm in arm with her "lady friend," but in the evening, when wheels and shuttles cease their clatter, you will find that she has her tryst right at the very door of the mill; and how proud and happy the young operator seems as he walks away with her toward her home!

There is a strong kind of the highest pride among these young women. They believe that no occupation on the earth is superior to theirs; their personal conduct is the highest, and they delight in the good name of all their companions.

It would not do to employ slovenly, dirty, or careless persons in these mills. The most costly fabrics are works of their hands, and broken threads, the snarch made by a dirty gown or uncleanly fingers, would be a serious damage to the fabric.—[Harper's Weekly.

TWO YEARS AGO!

I was a sight to behold and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years.—[W. H. Bowman, Manchester, N. H.

"Now, sir," asked the prosecuting attorney, looking at him sternly, "were you ever in prison?" "Yes, sir. I have been," answered the witness in a low tone. "Ah, I thought so, sir. You are a pretty fellow. Jail bird! How long ago has it been?" "It was during the war. I served six months in Andersonville and Libby while you were up North here writing magazine articles on how to end the conflict," answered the witness in the same low, meek tone.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Children Cry for

All Sorts.

A watchword—"Time!"

"The dust of ages"—Gold dust.

An after dinner speaker—The tramp.

Song of the miner—"My dream of life is ore."

A cutting remark—How will you have your hair trimmed?

The man who is trying to climb up finds lots of heels above him and lots of fists behind him.

If a youngster is permitted to follow the bent of his own inclinations he is likely to get into crooked ways.

"Why did you marry a man who is eighty years of age?" Because I couldn't find one equally as rich who was ninety."

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Golding. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.

"That's our court house upon the hill." "What! That little arbor?" "Yes, there were seven engagements took place there yesterday."

"Good intentions are often thwarted in the most mysterious ways," as the young man remarked when his best girl sneezed just as he was on the point of kissing her."

Morgan—"What brand of cigars does Maxwell smoke?" Dorgan—"They call them the 'Riot Act'." Morgan—"Why?" Dorgan—"Because they never fail to scatter a crowd."

"Portrait of Doge," read Mrs. Symple, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Well," she added, "he seems to have been a pretty good painter, but he didn't know how to spell dog.

Cashley—It's a fact, old man. Since I met that girl I cannot eat or sleep. I am a miserable man. Is there nothing I can do to cure me of this mad infatuation? Dashley—You might try marrying her.

She—"George, I see by the paper that a general tie-up has been ordered in the building trades." He—"Well, what of it?" She "Er-um-don't you think it would be a good time for us to fall into line, George?"

Unprejudiced sympathy is always with the under dog in the fight. In a cat fight sympathy for the under cat is misplaced. The under animal is in scratching position and has the best of it.

"Well, sir, this dismissal will cost a good many people their lives," said McBrick, as he was bounced. "Do you mean to threaten me?" demanded his employer. "Not at all. It simply means that I am going to become a doctor."

Her hand was evidently not on good terms with soap and water, but was heavily loaded with jewelry. "By George!" whispered McBrick, "there's some rich digging over there. I should say that dirt would assay a dollar an ounce."

Drawing Teacher—Now, this is a symmetrical figure. Can any one tell me what symmetry is? Ah! There is a little boy with his hand up. What is symmetry, little boy? Jimmy Scanlan, Plaze, sor, it do be a place I were they buries dead paple.

She had sent off a telegram and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion: "That's George, I know, I can tell his stutter."

Druggist—"Don't forget to shake that medicine!" Patient—"I guess I shan't forget it. I've had malaria so for the last ten years that I do nothing but shake all the time."

Mrs. De Style (in her bric-a-brac corner)—"I cannot imagine how my grandmother managed to keep this set of china so long. Since I have had it the servants have broken half a dozen of the choicest pieces." Mrs. Levelhead—"Probably your grandmother did her own housework."

Georgia Editor—"What shall we call our new paper?"

Friend—"Call it the Watermelon. Then all the colored people will take it."

Georgia Editor—"Yes; but they would never pay for it."

Lady (in shoe store trying on third pair)—"Oh, dear they don't fit at all. Haven't you anything that will suit me?"

Clerk (showing her the first pair she tried)—"How are these madam?"

Lady—"Oh, lovely! Why didn't you show me these before?"

Risky.—Mr. J. Miserly Squinch—"I asked the proprietor what was the customary fee to waiters here, and he said any waiter caught accepting a fee would be discharged. Ten-table Tom—"Yes, sah, an' I hope sah, you will make your tip big enough to pay me for the risk ob takin' it, sah."

Teacher—"John, of what are your boots made?" Boy—"Of leather, sir." Teacher—"Where does leather come from?" Boy—"From the hide of the ox." Teacher—"What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes and gives you meat to eat?" Boy—"My father."

"Please will you give me a piece of ice for my father? he's sick." said a little girl to the driver of an ice cart the other day.

"What's your father sick of, sissy?" asked the driver, as he broke a chunk from a cake with his pick and gave it to the girl.

"Please sir, he's sick of the heat." she replied, as she walked off.

Mr. Societe—"Allow me, Mrs. Knowaught to present Mr. Biglow." Miss K. (who assumes to be literary)—"I am very glad to know you, Mr. Biglow. May I ask if you are any relative to the author of the "Biglow Papers'?"

"I heard the other day that Byron was club-footed," said Cholly. "That just shows that physical infirmities do not conflict with genius." "No," said his friend, "unless one happens to be a blockhead."

Maude—"Papa, I thought you said this morning that Jack Brewer was no chicken."

Father—"That's what I said."

Maude—"Then what does this mean (reading)—"Jack Brewer, stroke of the Yale crew, stepped, jauntily out of the shell?"

W. Childers Kidd (looking for board)—"Oh, I forgot to mention that two of my party of four are small children. I hope that will not make any difference. "Mrs. Hashton (sweetly) "Oh, not at all! I shall charge just the same as if they were grown up."

First Widow—"I am just going to water his dear grave."

Second Widow—"What a clever substitute for tears! I must think of that when I come again next year."

Mr. Beauman—Is your sister expecting me to-day, Tommy?

Tommy—I guess she is. I saw her hide the family Bible under the piano before you came.

Pitcher's Castoria.

Agents Wanted.

THE Fidelity Building and Savings Bank Union declared a dividend to stockholders on June 30, of 27 per cent. Offers the best terms to reliable agents. For circulars address SAMUEL CLOUGH, State Agents, Providence, R. I.

7-12-1y

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE and PRICES

ATLAS ENGINE WORKS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

SARATOGA

SPRINGS.

"The Queen of Spas."

Lee's Guide of Saratoga Springs contains a

History and Analysis of the Springs, how to get there, General Notes, Hotels and Boarding Houses, with full descriptions, accommodation and rates, amusements, walks, drives, excursions, races, churches, medical and public institutions, commercial features and condensed History of Saratoga, etc.

Illustrated with Maps, Wood-Cuts, AND A

PICTORIAL VIEW of the VILLAGE.

Can be had from any bookseller through the American News Co., Wholesale Agents; or will be sent postage paid on receipt of price, twenty-five cents, by the publisher,

HENRY LEE,

6-21 Saratoga Springs, New York.

If You Have

No appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down," loss of flesh, you will find

Tutt's Pills

the remedy you need. They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. Sufferers from mental or physical overwork will find relief from them. Nicely sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The Best is the Cheapest

"The Diamond C"

HAMS,

SHOULDERS,

AND

BACON



Are cured from H. I. York and Corn Cob Smoked, and are the Best

For Sale at

COGGESHALL'S MARKET,

2 & 4 Washington Square, and 130 Thames Street.

Old Solace

Whiskey,

Sold in bulk, also in white flint glass bottles holding full quarts.

Windmill

HOLLAND GIN,

Sold in bulk, also in imported white glass bottles holding 1 qt. and ½ pt. (Imperial measure

For sale by

Dennis W. Sheehan,

Sole Agent for Newport.

11-23

The subscriber would invite

ATTENTION

to his line of

XMAS SLIPPERS,

which are neat, comfortable and cheap. Also a line of $3.00 Cork Sole Calf Shoes, a first quality shoe in every way; and the E. A. Perkins Warranted $3.00 Shoe sells on its merits and is superior to all others for its style, quality, and wear. We do not give you the earth, but we give you the best shoe on earth for the money. A full line of the famous Portland Boots for ladies, equal in every respect to any $4.00 boot in the market only $2.50. We carry superior lines of Children's Shoes, and after trying one pair the children cry for them. Make our Christmas a happy one by giving us a call.

M. S. HOLM,

186 THAMES ST.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Caswell, Massey & Co.,

have just received a new lot of

SACHETS,

including their new perfume,

DOUBLE VIOLET

—AND—

White Heliotrope.

The Celebrated Toilet

NO. 6 COLOGNE

In Plain and Fancy Bottles.

Also a full line of

Fancy Goods,

such as

Fine Cut Glass Bottles,

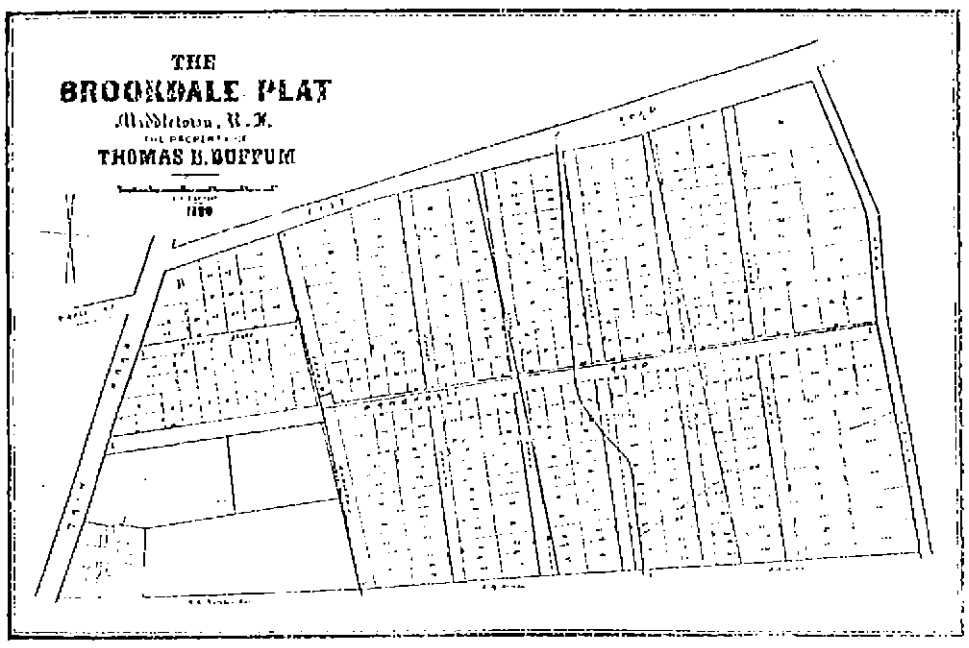
Nail Toilets,

Fancy Mirrors,

Bon-Bon Boxes,

Traveling Cases,

etc., etc.



BUILDING LOTS

For sale, as shown by above plat, at from $250 to $400. Taxes only $6 on $1000.

DANIEL WATSON, Sole Agent,

235 Thames Street.

Notice

—TO—

Poll Tax Payers.

OFFICE OF COLLECT OR OF TAXES,
103 THAMES STREET,
Newport, R. I., September 20, 1890.

THE POLL TAX BILL for 1890 is now in my hands for collection, and by an ordinance of the City Council must be paid during the month of

OCTOBER, 1890.

Poll Tax Payers are therefore respectfully requested to call at my office,

103 THAMES STREET, UPSTAIRS,

And pay the amount of One Dollar assessed against them. Office hours from 9:30 A. M. to 1 1:30 P. M.

W. J. H. AILMAN,
Collector of Taxes.

9-27



JUST RECEIVED

THE

DOMESTIC

Fashion Review

AND

PATTERNS,

FOR FALL

and the "Style" for September,

FREE.

Every person purchasing at ONE TIME Domestic Patterns, to the amount of 50 cts., will receive one of the Domestic Fashion Reviews, containing 108 pages, FREE.

D. L. Cummings,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

146 THAMES ST.

AS AN

Extra Inducement

TO PUT

KIN CHUN TEA

Before the People

WE SHALL

GIVE AWAY

THE HANDSOMEST

Pony Team

In the Country.

Value $1,000.00.

John B. DeBlois & Son.

6-28

WALL PAPER

BARGAINS!

WE ARE STILL

SELLING at RETAIL

AT

Wholesale Prices,

and will guarantee all these clean, new goods just made, and full length 8 yards to the roll.

An 8-yd. roll White back Paper, 5 to 6c.
An 8-yd. roll Gilt Paper, 8 1-2 to 10c.
An 8-yd. roll Embossed Gilt Paper, 8 to 15c.
Gilt Borders, 4 1-2 inches wide, 2 and 3c. per yard.
Borders without Gilt, 2 to 9 inches, 1c. per yard.
Send 6c. in stamps for samples of the best and greatest bargains in the country.

F. H. CADY,
303 HIGH STREET,
Mention this paper. Providence, R. I.
9-13-tf

Have you seen the

Latest Style of

CABINET PHOTOGRAPH?

MY

"Parisian Bust"

Leads them all for artistic beauty and fineness of finish.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Holloway

The Leading Photographer,
cor. Thames and Marlboro Sts.

Newport County News

PORTSMOUTH.

COURT OF PROBATE.—Perry G. Randall was appointed administrator on the estate of his mother, Hannah Randall dec., giving bond of $7000, with Cook, Manchester and Alexander G. Manchester as sureties. Philip B. Chase, Edward F. Dyer and Cook Manchester were appointed appraisers of the estate of said Hannah Randall. A petition was presented praying for the appointment of an administrator on the estate of the late Cynthia A. Thurston, received and referred with order of notice to be given in this town.

An instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Peleg L. Thurston, dec., was presented received and referred.

TOWN COUNCIL.—Consideration of the petition of Joseph Church & Co., for location of their oil factory was, by consent of the parties, postponed to the second Monday in October, at 2 o'clock P. M.

David F. Hall and Albert Sisson as grand jurors, and Henry W. Almy, Oscar C. Manchester, Arthur L. Borden and Rescom P. Manchester as petit jurors, were drawn to attend the September session of the Supreme Court at Newport.

The petition of David Albro of Middletown, asking for the remittance of the tax on the estate of Peleg Albro, dec., for 1890 was granted, and the tax on the personal property of the same estate for the year 1889 was refunded and an order given on the town treasurer for the same amounting to $12. The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: Charles C. Hazard, overseer of the poor, for assistance to outside poor one month $16; David Albro, tax refunded, $12; Diana G. Watson, for land taken taken from her estate on Boyd's lane to widen the road, $200. Council fees $2.50.

The fall term of school commenced in Newtown district on Monday last.

Mr. B. F. Tanner of Newport is to make the needed repairs on the buildings at Sandy Point farm. This is the farm recently purchased by Mr. P. H. Powel of Newport.

A large number of people from the island attended the State Fair during the present week.

The family of Mr. J. Marsden Smith have returned to Baltimore. Mr. J. C. Whittridge has gone to New York.

Mr. Stephen T. Sherman is having a new carriage house built. Dimensions 18x32 feet.

The Ladies Social of the Christian Church will have a supper and sale of fancy articles at the house of Mr. Overton Peckham on Wednesday afternoon and evening, Oct. 1st, 1890.

TIVERTON.

At the district court which met at the Town Hall Thursday Sept. 18th the trial of Andrew Brownell of Portsmouth for an assault with a dangerous weapon on Andrew Bliss of Tiverton took place. The state did not make out any case, and the judge after weighing the evidence dismissed Mr. Brownell. The defendent was represented by P. J. Galvin of Newport; the plaintiff by Mr. Murphy of Fall River.

Mr. and Mrs. Elverton Jewett of Cambridgeport are visiting Mrs. Edward Cory.

Peace Gifford, aged 91 years, died Thursday, 18th inst. Funeral services were conducted Sunday by the Rev. Donald Browne.

JAMESTOWN.

Mr. Chase, for the past season clerk at the Bay View House, has gone to Lynn to enter into the electrical machine business. Mr. Chase has had considerable experience in that business.

Wednesday being the first of October, the running time of the Conanicut will be changed and the fall time table entered upon.

Mr. John Anderson of Newport has purchased of Mr. Daniel Watson for $468.75 that parcel of land containing about 15,500 square feet of land, corner of Prospect place and a road running west to Southwest avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Anthony and the Misses Rachel and Hannah Anthony have been on a visit to the White Mountains this week.

Mr. Daniel Watson has sold for Mrs. Susan Clarke, trustee, a lot of land on Narragansett avenue, adjoining St. Matthew's church property and containing about 6000 square feet, to the trustees of the St. Matthew's church rectory fund for $612.45.

LITTLE COMPTON.

At the monthly meeting of the town council and court of probate: it was voted that John F. Pierce and Parlon C. Brownell be authorized in their discretion and on the part of the town to make arrangements with Edgar S. Peckham about setting back the wall at his corner of the highway. The following bills were allowed and orders paid: Thomas E. White, surveyor, $66; John F. Pierce, surveyor, $140.48; Robert G. Brownell, meat supply for town farm, $8.85; Philip F. Little, printing list, $9. Voted to allow surveyors of highways sums sufficient with what has been previously allowed them to make up as follows: George T. Howard, $3.75; John F. Pierce $125; Philip J. Gray $400. George F. Dyer and George M. Potter were drawn as grand jurors and Gideon M. Wordell, Benjamin S. Pierce, Charles H. Wilbour and Samuel B. Gray as petit jurors.

The will of William Athington received and ordered recorded.

The following accounts were allowed: Job Wordell, as administrator on the estate of Henry Almy; account of Clara L. Almy, guardian of her son, James H. Almy; account of James E. Peckham, on the estate of Henry B. Simmons; notice ordered on account of Owen C. Manchester, guardian of Susan F. Manchester; George R. F. Brown appointed administrator on the estate of Valentine Simmons.

Repairs are being made on the cupola and roof of the new barn belonging to Follen Benbe which was struck by lightning during the last tempest.

Miss Gertrude Otis of Norwell is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Borden.

Supreme Court.

The supreme court opened its September term for Newport county, Monday morning, Justices Matteson and Stiness presiding.

The following cases were continued: Equity—Isaac P. Hazard, et alii, Thos. C. Durant, et alias, two cases: Samuel E. Almy, Daniel T. Church, et alios, one cross bill to be filed; Mary B. Macomber, admr, Joseph E. Macomber, et al, Patrick J. Murphy vs. Joseph Hairo; James Groves et ux, Dennis W. Sheehan, et ux, Benjamin Fitch vs. William S. Bailey, James T. Mahor, et al, vs. James B. Church, et al; Robert S. Chase, admr, vs. Felix Peckham, et alios, Charles U. Cotting vs. Eugene De Sartiges, et ux, et alii, William S. Vose vs. A. Prescott Baker, admr, et al, Charles Acton Ives appointed guardian ad litem, A. Prescott Baker and Augustus P. Sherman, removed at their own request, and Lewis L. Simmons appointed trustee; Sarah L. Hazard vs. Moses R. Crow, et al; Mary A. Allen vs. Samuel Allen, et al, Orison I. Marden vs. Edward H. Champlin, town treasurer, et al, Exceptions—State vs. John Reynolds, appt. Jury—Samuel S. Southwick, et ex, vs. William H. Bliss, William J. Underwood vs Cyrus H. Peckham, Brush Electric Company vs. Brush Swan Electric Light Company, George W. Flagg vs. John Gilpin, new applications to be filed, in order for new trial; John H. Stedman vs. American Electric Manufacturing Co.; John P. Champlin vs. Thomas E. Tripler; T. Fred Kanll, et al, vs. Ezra A. Tuttle, et al, appts, McNeal Pipe and Foundry Co., vs. David M. Coggeshall, city treasurer, surety for costs to be filed by plaintiff; Stanton and Squire vs. Henry J. Smith; town of New Shoreham vs. Edgar C. Allen; Patrick H. Horgan vs. Sheldon D. Gardner.

In Mary Catherine Grinnell et al., vs. A. Prescott Baker, administrator, et alios, decree was entered that the $12,000 bequest was duly set aside under the will of William S. Vose. Augustus P. Sherman's resignation, as trustee, was accepted and the matter goes to Darius Baker, Esq., special master, for an account. In Abbie G. Lawton vs. Herbert Lawton, et alios, master's report of sale and distribution was confirmed. In Patrick J. Murphy vs. Thomas Crosby, plaintiff has 10 days to amend bill, case to be heard in Providence at an early day. A guardian ad litem for minor defendant, Sarah E. Langley, was appointed in John S. Engs, et al., vs. Augustus P. Sherman, administrator, et al., a petition for a trustee.

In Patrick H. Horgan vs. Charles Bickerton et ux., et al., time of answering was extended 20 days. The exception case of John L. Sullivan vs. Patrick H. Horgan, appellant, goes off the docket it having been decided that plaintiff can not recover on a suit for services partly legal and partly illegal, the parts not being capable of separation. Joseph Bradford et al., vs. William J. Swinburne was discontinued without costs. Henry N. Jeter, administrator, appt., vs. Lewis T. Moore, et alios, is set down for third jury trial; plaintiff moves for surety for costs. In George A. Ferguson vs. Mary Isabella Neilson, Emily W. Carry vs. Newport Street Railway Co., appt's., William S. Vose vs. same, Noah Redford vs. same, Emma B. Fadden vs. same, judgment was entered for defendant for costs. Hargrave Mills vs. Adoniram J. Chase was entered settled as was George W. Harmon, et ux, vs. Newport Street Railway Co., appt.

In Samuel H. Wilson, et ux, vs. David M. Coggeshall, city treasurer, the city having set up that it is not responsible for negligence in maintaining its fire alarm telegraph, plaintiff demurred.

At the afternoon session the exceptions cases of John P. Champlin vs. Thomas E. Tripler, was heard. It is a Block Island trespass suit, in which the plaintiff got a $500 verdict recently. Defendant asks for a new trial, claiming the verdict is contrary to law and evidence, and excess. In Hiram Murray vs. William L. Tilley, deputy sheriff, it was ordered that Augustin Bondie be served as a party.

The divorce petition of Emma Gallagher vs. Hugh Gallagher and of Harriet J. Brownell vs. William B. Brownell was heard, also that of Delia A. Walker vs. Lewis A. Walker. A motion to amend sheriffs return in Deere, of alii, vs. Marden et al. was filed. Carl Larsen was naturalized, witnesses examined in court. Howard Greene, grand juror, was excused for the term. Adjourned at 6.25 to 10 a. m., Tuesday.

The second day of the September term opened Tuesday at 10 a. m. Judge Stiness presiding. There was a very large attendance. The grand jury retired with Assistant Attorney General Aldrich at 10.27 with Gilbert H. Burnham, of Newport, as foreman.

The divorce case of Marion H. MacKaye and Gordon MacKaye was then heard in the clerk's office. The hearing was brief and but few witnesses heard. Mr. Peckham of Newport and Mr. Woodbury Blair of Washington appeared as counsel for the plaintiff and ex-Attorney General Metcalf of Providence for Mr. MacKaye, who was not present and who had no witnesses. The divorce was granted to Mrs. MacKaye on the charge of criminal infidelity and she was given the custody of her two young children.

The petit jury took up the case of Robert E. Carbray vs. Edwin Longnecker, the $10,000 suit for damages for false imprisonment at the Naval Training Station. Mr. Galvin appeared for plaintiff and Mr. Sheffield for defendant. This occupied the time until 5:50 o'clock when the court adjourned to 9:30 A. M. Wednesday morning. The grand jury took a recess at 6 P. M., having heard eight cases.

Wednesday morning the court came in at 9:30 o'clock, Judge Stiness presiding. The court charged the jury in the case of Carbrey vs. Longnecker at considerable length, stating the law in such cases very clearly. The jury retired at 10:31 in charge of keeper Isaac W. Romes, but returned at 1:22 for further instructions, being divided on the question whether as to the commander's rights.

Ellen Eyres vs. Island Savings Bank was continued misl. Lemuel A. Hunt vs. Oliver R. Whitcomb et ux, an action of replevin. The divorce petition of William B. Brownell vs. Harriet J. Brownell withdrawn. That of Mary Z. Dillon vs. Daniel Dillon heard. John L. Sullivan vs. Patrick H. Horgan, appt, judgment entered for defendant, for costs. William P. Dawley et ux, et alii, appts, vs. Probate court of New Shoreham continued. Herman Kobbe vs. Henry W. Kingsbury continued. In James T. Maher vs. Jennie M. Smith defendant submitted to judgment for $1,730 and costs. Daniel W. Russell vs. Orison S. Marden continued. James L. Negus, appt, vs. Harriet E. Lewis continued. Motion to amend return in Charles H. Deere et alii vs. Orison S. Marden et al. granted, case entered nil dicit, judgment for plaintiff against Marden for $1,500.57 and costs. Judgment of court of common pleas in William J. H. Ailman, collector of taxes, vs. George Babcock Hazard was confirmed, being $333.10 with double costs and double interest.

The case of Wm. C. Townsend vs. Newport Probate Clerk was discontinued.

The court took no formal recess for dinner, the jury in the Carbray case being out. At about 3 o'clock this jury returned, and, reporting a disagreement, were excused until morning and the court adjourned until 9:30 o'clock Thursday morning. Thursday morning the first case called for trial was that of Henry N. Jeter, admr., appt., vs. Lewis T. Moore et alios. After a number of jurors had been challenged, a panel was completed, with Henry A. Heath of Newport as foreman. Other jurors were excused until 9:30 A. M. Friday. Mr. Ives opened the trial, stating his case.

The grand jury returned during Mr. Ives's opening, bringing twelve indictments. They had considered fourteen cases. The indictments found are against the following-named persons:—William Sullivan, alias William Slasher, who pleaded guilty to embezzlement of $130 from Patrick Nolan and was sentenced to four months in Providence county jail. William Houlihan, nuisance; Stephen McDermott, for attempted rape; James Read, who pleaded not guilty to breaking and entering, and larceny from Patrick Nolan; Patrick Benson, for breaking and entering, and larceny; Emma Brown, nuisance; Daniel McAuliff, nuisance; William H. Gordon and Thomas J. Campbell, for breaking and entering a dwelling, and larceny; Irving Tucker, who pleaded not guilty of an attempt to burn a building; Timothy Foley, nuisance; William H. Staples, pleaded not guilty of the larceny of $124 worth of jewelry from Woodbury Blair; William McGowan, for assault with a dangerous weapon.

The Jeter case was then resumed until 1:20 P. M., when a recess was taken until 3 P. M.

In William C. Almy vs. Frank L. Almy, judgment was entered for the plaintiff for $941.50, execution to stay until January 1, 1891.

John E. Whitcomb vs. E. C. Terry was entered nil dicit, judgment for plaintiff for $1,814.89 and costs, execution forthwith.

There are rumors of a game of base ball at Morton Park between the local Red Men and the local Elks. 1

New Advertisements.

Street Railway Notice.

CHANGE OF TIME.

ON and after MONDAY next the Broadway Beach car will be discontinued, making its trips direct to Morton Park as formerly. Car on crosstown line will leave Post Office on the hour and half hour, from 7:30 A. M. till 9:30 P. M. No transfer tickets.

BENJ. J. WEEKS,
Newport, Sept. 27-1w Superintendent.

FOR SALE

CHEAP!

AS THE

Season is Closed

30 HORSES,

50 Carriages,

Both New and Second-hand.

30 Harnesses.

Will Exchange for Hay.

MUST BE SOLD.

LAWTON'S,

Touro Street.

A. C. Landers' Column.

NEW

GAMES.

ANABASIS.

Or Marching into the Interior.

Royal Arabia,

The Game of Shinks.

Ambuscade,
Bounce,
Constellation,
Game of War,
Baslinda,
Tiddledy Winks,
Kilkenny Cats,
Parlor Tennis,
Game of Rex,
Monopolist,
The Spanish Main,
Hahna,
Chivalry,
Witches' Spell,
Go Bang,
Tivilo,
Fox and Geese,
Base Ball Game,
Parlor Polo,
Steeple Chase,
Office Boy,
Louisa,
Bagatelle,
Fish Pond,
Checkers,
Chess Men,
Cribbage Boards,
Dominoes,
Jack Straws,
Donkey Party.

25c. GAMES.

Knowledge Box,
Witchcraft Game,
Old Maid, improved,
Tadpole Game,
Doctor and the Quack,
Bible Questions,
My Wife and I.
Tommy Town's Visit to the Country,
Peter Codley's Visit to N. Y.
Literary Salad,
Young People's Geographical Game,
Corner Grocery.
The Presidential Game,
Billy Bumps' Visit to Boston.
Checkers, Dominoes, Authors, Dividends.

DISSECTED PUZZLES.

U. S. Map Puzzle, Cut Up Fairy Tales, Rink, Panorama, Spelling Slips, Animals, Birds, Modes of Travel.

Playing Cards. 10, 25, 39, 49, 50, 73, 95.

Checker Boards and Checkers 25, 39, 49, 50, 95 up to $1.

Building Blocks, Letter Blocks, Ten Pins, Richter's Stone Building Blocks.

—AT—

A. C. LANDERS',

167 THAMES STREET,

Covell's Block.

New Advertisements.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC: SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, June 18, 1890.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an execution issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, within and for the county of Newport, on the 29th day of May, A. D. 1890, and returnable to the November term of said Court, A. D. 1890, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1890, in favor of Nathaniel C. Peckham, of Little Compton, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, as Collector of Taxes for School District Number three (3) in said town, plaintiff, and against Edward W. Howland, of said Little Compton, defendant. I have this day at 15 minutes past 2 o'clock P. M., levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Edward W. Howland, had on the 15th day of June, A. D. 1890, at 15 minutes past 2 o'clock P. M. (the time of levy of said execution) in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said town of Little Compton and County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Northerly, by land of Charles Horn; Easterly, by land of Edgar T. Peckham; Southerly, by the highway running westerly from the common to the Main road; Westerly, by land of Pardon C. Brownell, containing ten acres more or less.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on estate at a public auction, to be held in front of Town Hall on the Commons in said Little Compton in said County of Newport on MONDAY, the 20th day of October, A. D. 1890, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

WM. LOVIE TILLEY,
9-27-4w Deputy Sheriff.

The H. W. LADD CO.

Infants and Children.

Our autumn display of Children's Dresses and Garments we open on MONDAY, Sept. 22. Never has so much thought and originality been devoted to designing children's clothing, and never have we given more care to the details of workmanship, than the present line will show.

Long Cloaks in Cashmere and Elderdown. Never had baby finer wraps than are to be found in this assortment.

Short Coats, made of fine imported materials, in plain plaid and stripe effects—many of the most elaborate made especially for us.

Reefers from 2 to 4 years—the neatest children's garment produced.

House Sacks in Cashmere and Worsted.

Infant's Christening Caps, hand embroidered in Silk and Plush.

Hats and Bonnets—all 1890 novelties. They come in Silk and Plush.

The H. W. LADD CO.,

Providence, R. I.



THE

F. F. Tebbett's Co.

99 Westminster Street,

Butler Exchange,

Providence, R. I.

Fashionable Cloaks.

We are the Cloak Dealers of Providence there is no doubt of the fact, for our store is at all times filled with customers; many of them have traded with us for years, and always found every garment bought of us a good one, perfectly satisfactory in price and wearing qualities, and above all such a comfort, because it fitted so nicely, and was so becoming. These are the features that have made our business the envy of our competitors.

Our customers will find our store filled with better and finer CLOAKS than ever before. Low in prices, good in quality, perfect in fit.

Sign of the Great White Bear.

Administrator's Sale

Will be sold at public auction on the farm of the late W. Henry Smith, Wapping Road, Middletown, on

TUESDAY, October 7, 1890, if fair, if not, the next fair day, at 10 o'clock A. M.

5 cows, 1 horse, 1 market wagon, 1 buggy, 2 lumber wagon, sleigh, hay in barn, 1 stack barley, 3 sets harness, saddle and bridle, dairy utensils, seaweed rake, plough and other farming implements, also part of household furniture.

JOHN PECKHAM, Auctioneer.
WM. SMITH, Administrator.
Middletown, Sept. 20, 1890.

—BY—

THOS. BURLINGHAM,

Aquidneck Hall, 63 Mill Street

AUCTIONEER.

Storage for furniture, pianos, oil paintings etc., household furniture, Bankrupt stocks and Jobbers of merchandise bought for cash. Sale every Thursday at 10 a. m. 11-13-1y

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix *de bonis non*, on the estate of BENJAMIN W. HENDRICK, late of said Middletown, deceased, and has duly qualified herself as such Administratrix by giving bond to said Court. All persons having demands against said estate are hereby notified to present them, and all indebted to make payment to the undersigned.

SARAH E. H. PECKHAM,
Administratrix *de bonis non.*

Middletown, R. I., Sept. 27, 1890.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix *de bonis non*, on the estate of SARAH W. HENDRICK, widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, and has duly qualified herself as such Administratrix by giving bond to said Court. All persons having demands against said estate are hereby notified to present them, and all indebted to make payment to the undersigned.

SARAH E. H. PECKHAM,
Administratrix *de bonis non.*

Middletown, R. I., Sept. 27, 1890.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Newport, Administrator on the estate of ABBY WARMSLEY, late of Newport, deceased, and having given bond according to law, requests all persons having demands against said estate to present them, and all indebted to make payment to him.

LEWIS L. SIMMONS,
Administrator.

Newport, September 27, 1890.

Office of the Probate Clerk of the City of Newport in Rhode Island, September 19, A. D. 1890.

OGDEN MILLS, of the City, County and State of New York, having this day filed in this office his petition to the Court of Probate of said Newport, representing that

MATURIN LIVINGSTON,

late of Ryrie Park, Dutchess County, State of New York, deceased, left a last will and testament with codicil thereto, which were proved and allowed by the Surrogate's Court of the said Dutchess County, that he, said Ogden Mills, is one of the Executors named in said will; that said Maturin Livingston at the time of his death was seized and possessed of certain real estate in said Newport, whereon said will and codicil may operate, and praying that a copy of said will and codicil, with a copy of the probate thereof under the seal of said Surrogate's Court, where the said will and codicil have been proved and allowed as aforesaid produced therewith, may be filed and recorded in the Probate Office in said Newport, and that letters testamentary on said estate of Maturin Livingston in Rhode Island, may be granted to the Executors named in said will, and said petitioner having applied to me to give notice thereof by advertising in the *Newport Mercury*:

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate to be holden on Monday, the 6th day of October, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall in said Newport.

EDWIN S. HURDICK,
9-20 Probate Clerk.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 15th day of September, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M.

THE COMMISSIONERS heretofore appointed to receive and examine the claims of the creditors on the estate of

JAMES F. FITZGERALD,

late of said Newport, deceased, represented insolvent, present their report.

It is ordered that the consideration of said report be referred to Monday, the 6th day of October, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. HURDICK,
9-20 Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Portsmouth, R. I., Sept. 8, 1890.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of

PELEG L. THURSTON,

late of said Portsmouth, deceased, is presented for probate, together with a petition praying that said instrument may be proved, allowed and recorded, and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to Sarah E. Thurston, who is named in said will as the Executrix thereof:

The same are received and referred for consideration to the Court of Probate to be holden at the Town Hall in said Portsmouth, on the second Monday in October next, at 1 o'clock P. M., and it is ordered by the Court that previous notice thereof be published fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury.*

PHILIP B. CHASE,
9-20 Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER has been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administrator on the estate of WILLIAM HENRY SMITH, late of Middletown, R. I., deceased, and has duly qualified himself as such Administrator by giving bond to said court. All persons having demands against said estate are hereby notified to present them, and those indebted to make payment to the undersigned.

WILLIAM SMITH,
Administrator.

Middletown, R. I., Sept. 20, 1890.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 8th day of September, A. D. 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of George E. Burkinshaw and John E. Macolington presented this day praying that an instrument in writing presented therewith, purporting to be the last will and testament with codicil thereto of

AMELIA BURKINSHAW,

late of Newport, deceased, may be proved, approved, allowed and recorded, and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to them, the Executors named therein:

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 29th day of September, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

EDWIN S. HURDICK,
9-13 Probate Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by James B. Tennant and Emma C. Tennant, wife of said James, in right of said Emma, of the City and County of Newport, in Rhode Island, to Eldora J. Anthony, wife of Henry C. Anthony, of Portsmouth in the County of Newport and State aforesaid, bearing date March 4th, A. D. 1890, and duly recorded in land evidence of Portsmouth, Volume 19, pages 402, 403 and 404. The conditions contained in said mortgage having been broken: There will be sold at public auction on SATURDAY, October 11th, A. D. 1890, at 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises hereinafter described, in the Town of Portsmouth, in said county of Newport, all the right, title and interest which the said James B. Tennant and Emma C. Tennant, his wife had at the time of the execution of said mortgage deed in and to a certain tract or parcel of land, lying in said Portsmouth, containing four acres, more or less, with a dwelling house and other buildings thereon, standing, and is bounded, northerly, by land of Joseph W. Greene, easterly and southerly by Dexter Lane, so called, southwesterly, by R. I. Turnpike and northwesterly, by lands of Robert Hicks and Charles H. Dyer, or however otherwise bounded, it being the same land that was given by will of George Fish to his son George L. Fish for and during his natural life, and to his heirs after his decease, said will being recorded in the Probate records of said Portsmouth, 4th Book, pages 110, 111, and 112, and conveyed by said heirs of George L. Fish to the grantor by deed recorded in the land evidence of said Portsmouth, volume 19, pages 92 and 93.

The mortgagee hereby gives notice of her intention to bid at said sale.

Per order of

9-20 THE MORTGAGEE.

Chattanooga Investment Agency

Now is the time to invest in Southern properties. Property in Chattanooga is cheaper than in any other Southern city with equal advantages. We buy and sell city and suburban property; deal in mineral lands; buy and sell first mortgage paper, and place loans on first class property. Investments for non-residents a specialty. Correspondence solicited.

J. M. JONES, Manager.
9-20-4w 813 Ga. Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.